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LOS ANGELES

To. Claude Bradford Banglehead

Grace

Daddy

2-8-22



Sherley Pegram

O! yes, I lived on promises,
I know the scanty store;
You need not offer them to me,
O! no not ever more.
For oftentimes I wondered how
I would keep from begging bread;
While working hard all through the day,
Hungry I went to bed.—(Page 110.)

SHERLEY

BOOK OF POEMS

CHOICE AND RARE

BY
SHERLEY PEGRAM

There is a jewel here for all.
The best part may they cull,
And treasure what is truly good.
But cast away the hull.

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WITH A
HEART FULL OF GRATITUDE
AND LOVING MEMORY
THIS VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED TO MY
SAINTED FATHER AND MOTHER

P R E F A C E

These poems are sure to be interesting to you, for they were written not by a college graduate, but through "inspiration", by Miss Pegram, who was born and reared on a little farm, "Fairy Haven", which is her present home, near the village of Elkin, in Surry County, North Carolina. Her father and mother died when she was quite young, leaving two little sisters in her care, and while she had another sister and four brothers, they were away from home and thus all the responsibilities of the home and her younger sisters devolved upon her, and her life has been one of self-sacrifice and perfect devotion to those who are near and dear to her, and the sick and the poor ever find a true friend and helper in her. Having thus spent her life in the country, and deprived of a liberal education, yet she is just such a woman as God intended that woman should be—true, noble and good—always doing her duty and knowing but little of the luxuries and sometimes needing the very necessities of life, yet she has ever been hopeful that through the cloud God's sun would sometime cast its warmest rays upon her and those she loves, and believing that it is through His mercies that she has been permitted to write these poems as a means of support for herself and sisters, she sends them forth with the wish that they may be a source of enjoyment and real good to many others.

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SHERLEY

BOOK OF POEMS

THE SUNBEAMS.

If you could gather the sunbeams
And carry them into the night,
And weave them among the dewdrops
And string them together with light.

If you could chrystalize the dewdrops
And string them one by one,
Amid life's toils and troubles
Which all of us wish to shun.

You would accomplish something
The world would like to recall,
Something grand and noble,
Something that would benefit all.

For the world looks into the gloom
Of the dark future ahead,
And does not see the dewdrops
Which heaven alone hath shed.

So it is in life's pathway
The dewdrops are scattered around,

But sin has cast a shadow
That is why they are seldom found.

You must carry the sunbeams with you,
Or you will never know,
How grand the scenes above you
Or how beautiful the earth below.

DESTROY NOT LIFE.

You think you a kindness
To the lone rose do show,
When you shatter the petals
To the cold earth below.
For all its dear friends
Have gone to their rest,
And why should it
Not sleep with the blest.

But I ask you in pity
To let it cling on,
To the rose tree until
The fragrance is gone.
For some lone traveler
In passing that way,
May find a solace—
A comfort to stay.

Is there not a pleasure
To hold on to life,
As long as there's hope
Of winning the strife?
And why not give others
The chance we do take,
Why not give hope
Instead of a shake?

Let time alone shatter
The last rose in bloom,
For he knoweth just how
To leave the perfume.
Destroy not life
Tho' to you it be drear,
For to-morrow may show
A future most clear.

ASKING FOR FRIENDSHIP.

I do not ask for your love,
I will not of it speak ;
I only ask to be your friend,
Your happiness I seek.
Look into my eyes and see,
If deceit you can there find ;
For I seek not by promises fair,
Your pure heart now to bind.

I see within your eyes a look,
That you have been deceived;
But trust me ever and I will not,
Your trusting heart now grieve.
I do not ask you for your heart,
Just give to me your hand;
In token of our friendship here,
That will for ever stand.

I know that love is fickle,
The binding cords can break;
But friendship is more steady,
The wind can not it shake.
Ofttimes love doth leave a heart,
Almost dead and cold;
And friendship doth it find,
And himself around it fold.

Give friendship the first chance,
Let him the inner track hold;
That he may guide the course aright,
When love appears so bold.
Give love to understand,
That if he flees away
You can live happy without him,
And ofttimes he will stay.

MISTAKEN LOVE.

The poet tells us how there came,
An urchin to his bower,
All chilled with the pouring rain,
Amid the dark still hour.

He opened the door in pity, Ah,
And let the urchin in,
He warmed him in his bosom there,
O ! was he warming sin ?

Was there ever in the heart of man,
A warmth, yes, there to glow,
That was not kindled there by love,
His own power to show ?
Does man's kindness reach more far,
Than love in his wide sway ?
Is man more noble without love ?
O ! look around to-day.

It is love's power alone can keep,
The world from sinking so low,
That the wild beasts would be ashamed,
Away from their dens to go.
O ! where is the heart that's made of flesh,
That was not hammered in shape,
Is it not love that raises many higher
Than the old Harry Ape ?

The poet must have mistook the boy,
With his bow and dart,

For man cannot warm love,
With his cold stony heart.
O! no, its love that works the change,
He batters on the heart,
Until he shapes it into flesh,
And takes away a part.

Man in his noblest work to-day,
Must surely love possess,
Or else it would fall to the ground,
Be shattered as a jest.
A work is judged by what it does,
By the poor fallen race,
And if love in the heart doth dwell,
It shines out through the face.

One does not feel a chill, yes, when,
Love pierces through the heart,
O! no, the life blood flows all through,
And warms up every part.
Every good cause on earth that have,
The love of a true heart,
Will work to it advance,
And will not from it part.

LOVE WILL NOT LAST.

You need not say your love will last,
As long as you have life;
For many there have been before,
Who lost it mid the strife.
For if one lives but a few years,
There's many storms to face,
And many fields of flowers to cross,
And many joys to chase.

And if you wish your love to prove,
You need not of it tell,
For it will show by its own fruit,
If in the heart it dwell.
You need not blow a horn,
To tell one the sun is bright,
So let your love be known,
By the shining of its light.

To say you love is very cheap,
It only costs the breath;
While if you prove it to the world
It may cost you your death.
But I had reather see one spark,
Of love by practice shown,
Than only to hear it told,
Tho' said in a sweet tone.

You need not talk of love to me,
It is a waste of breath,

Once it would have been believed,
But now it recalls the death
Of my bright hopes that stood before,
When first I heard the sound;
But you slew it, now its dead,
And buried in the ground.

THE WRONG LOVE.

Do not speak to me of love,
That leads so many astray,
I want a love that goeth right,
A love that knows the way.
That will not lead out in the dark,
And there in the quicksands leave,
A true and trusting life alone,
A pure heart there to grieve.

Why should one not prefer,
A love that's sure to last,
That never goes beyond,
Where reason a hope can cast.
Why do we so many find,
Trying their steps to retrace,
Is it that they missed the track,
Or failed to win in the race?

Why is it one likes to find,
Reason near their side,
When walking through the business world,
They like in him to confide.
But if he steps out of their way,
When they in love confide,
They are sure to let him pass,
And say now let us hide.

There are so many ways and schemes,
Of changing color and taste,
That we are not really sure,
What doth now fill its place,
We oftentimes do not see things,
As they really are,
They must be pointed out by one,
Who can see, yes, more far.

But when love stands out plain to view,
That all the world may see,
And reason stands there too,
And his command is flee
And all may flee but one,
And reason can't him change,
He will not hear arguments,
The world thinks it is strange.

The world knows not the power of love,
Nor the working of his way,

It is the one that's in his power,
That knows his hand can slay.
And is it not strange,
When one doth feel his grasp,
That he does not rush away,
But instead doth him clasp.

LOVE HAS CHANGED.

Love is not what he used to be,
In the days long ago,
The fair ladies of to-day
Consider him quite too slow;
He used to be able the battle to win,
With only his bow dart to let him in.

But now he must bring
His silver and gold,
And his knowledge of business,
His plans to unfold.

You talk of a love
In the cottage so poor,
Do you think he is there,
Or is it not o'er.

What do we see,
When the hovel we pass,
Standing in the door,
His wings have been cast

And he has instead,
Of his bow and dart,
A sword with which
He pierces the heart.

Love has been in the world
A long time, 'tis true,
And has he not gained
Some knowledge from you?
Doth he not know
He is welcome much more,
When with his bow dart
He brings all his store.

Now if he has not
In his long life learned,
Without some fuel
The heart is soon burned.
Let him go from the earth,
And let sense take his place,
That some honor may be
In winning the race.

THE DAY'S WORK DONE.

When the day's work is done the night will be sweet,
For the old world without it would be incomplete;
There would be no morning to brighten the day,
If there was no night our labors to stay.

If there was no night to gather the dew,
The flowers would wither away from our view,
And we too would follow the flowers—yes, soon,
For we could not endure forever a noon.

The morning is glorious when the bright sun
Shines forth in its brightness his day's race to run,
The dewdrops do greet him with joyous surprise,
And the flowers smile forth with their bright shining eyes.

When at noonday we seek the cool shade,
Where the stream doth flow and the fairies have played,
Where the sun cannot but peep through the thick grove,
And brighten a scene which all of us love.

After the noonday the work seems to weigh
More heavily upon us towards the close of day;
Work while it is morning when the day is quite young,
That in the evening your work may be done.

When the shadows do lengthen all around,
We think of the rest when we lay underground;
We do not despair when those thought round us crowd,
For we know in the morning we will break the dark shroud.

We know in the morning no clouds will overcast
The sun in his glory, all trouble is past,
There will be no evening or clouds to conceal
The love that God's people towards Him doth feel.

FATHER TIME.

Old Father Time is still in the race,
Though man is now giving him a fine chase;
He is growing feeble, we now see the strain.
Will man in the end the victory gain?

When he was young he gave man a chase,
He kept him a running for a long race;
Man by his knowledge has shortened the day,
And they get there sooner than the old way.

And when he sees that time doth delay,
He rushes upon him with a dagger to slay;
Time he doth rise in his strength for to show,
And presses right on in the course he should go.

Man by his skill and invention doth show,
That he is killing time, yes doth he know,
That each blow he strikes at time he doth feel;
We see the marks on him, he cannot conceal.

Why does man such hatred now show,
At Old Father Time when his steps don't go
As fast as they wish for in the grand race,
That they a curse murmur in his old face?

What do men think of, why don't he detain
Time in his course that he may here gain
A few steps ahead of him that will count
More in his favor than storming about?

What will time do when man press him sore,
Just step out of his way, as he has before,
That he may show man the end of the race—
That eternity is there for him to now face.

YOU YOUR OWN JUDGE.

You say you fear the judgment,
The time when you must stand,
And hear the final sentence,
Will you be on the right or left hand?
The judge will there hold the book,
There are two in number we are told,
O! which will he bring to your view,
Which will he for you unfold?

You are now in doubt and fear,
To hear what the sentence will be,
But if you will turn the pages,
Of your own life book you will see.
For you are writing in it,
You keep the record each day,
It is written down in that flesh,
It is your own hand that will slay.

The book of life is there held,
By the judge who will then appear,
And read out the sentence for all,
In a voice that all can hear.

If your name is there it will show,
That your record has been kept,
By the one who seeth the heart,
The one who has never slept.

The book of records is brought,
The one where the records stand,
That all the world may see,
If foul or clean is your hand.
And you are asked to bring forth,
The record you have to show,
That you may see for yourself,
That it with the other doth go.

You may try only to remember,
The good things you have done,
But you are writing away,
You cannot the whole truth shun.
You may deceive the world,
Yes, and yourself too,
But in the judgment day
All things will be brought to view.

If there was no judge to stand,
In that day for you to face,
You would be ashamed,
Your own record there to trace.
For there is no excuse to-day,
The conscience it doth show,
So write in it what you may,
Just write what you here know.

LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.

Life is but a dream
That passeth fast away,
It is not what it really seems,
To the young and happy and gay;
The young dream of a happy time,
The days that are ahead,
The aged dream of the happy past,
That rest among the dead.

And why should we not let life
Flow on in the course it will
And only guide our little bark,
To the waters that are peaceful and still.
For tho' we struggle as we may,
All through this dreamy life,
We can but land our little bark,
Beyond the sea of strife.

But let us carry our light along,
Tho' we walk as if in sleep,
That some little bark may see the glow,
When they in darkness weep.
May the bright dreams that youth doth see,
So far out now ahead,
When they are passed, O ! may they be
As a halo by heaven shed.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

If you have a friend,
Try not for to make,
A love of him,
For the tie it may break.
For love doth unwind,
The cord that's been true,
Tho' it has held fast,
Love can it undo.

Friendship may be wound
Round and round to stay,
But love can undo,
For it turns another way.
Love is so determined,
To be the one king,
That he will not allow,
You to another cling.

Now if you find friendship,
And love side by side,
Do not twine them there,
For some one has it tried.
They found it not tempered,
They would break, yes, or melt,
They would not cling together,
O! no, they would not weld.

LOVE IS SELFISH.

Love does not ask for a room,
 Inside of a pure heart,
O! no, he wants the house,
 Himself can fill every part.
The house may be large and wide,
 Or it may be poor and small,
But love will not with others divide,
 He wants every room, yes, all.

Duty may stand at the door and knock,
 And ask for shelter and bread,
But love will only pass out the crumbs,
 He will not shelter his head.
A family may be large,
 Or it may be few, just small,
But one house is not large enough,
 To shelter two tho' it's tall.

Love does not plead with duty and show,
 Why he will not with him abide,
Tho' the house is large enough it seems,
 Love will not in duty confide.
Duty may have builded the house,
 And decked the rooms so gay,
But when love has gained an entrance there,
 Duty is driven away.

HOME.

I wish to tell to the world around,
About a place but few have found,
Sometimes its found out in a grove,
Where father and mother their children love ;
A joy within it we can claim,
If self has not our love there slain.

There is but few things here below,
But what have seen a glimpse to show,
The wild beasts of the forest know,
In time of danger when to go ;
And the old dog after the chase,
Returns, O ! yes, to the same place.

The birds must find shelter from view,
The little nest built by those two ;
The beauty of this place cannot be seen
From the outside, for love is the screen ;
And those who dwell inside can view,
And tell you about the beautiful hue.

Now I'll give you the name and you'll know,
If ever you see it the truth it will show ;
It is the place most things love best,
Because in it they find shelter and rest ;
We may be delighted over the world, yes, to roam,
But there is no joy like returning back home.

THE BRIGHT FLOWERS.

The brightest flowers are those that fade,
They are the soonest cast,
They are thrown aside, yes, when,
Their beauty has all passed.

Why do we pluck the flowers?
Those that are most fair,
It is alone for their beauty,
No fruit is growing there.

If flowers are plucked and faded,
And lie withered and dead,
Some may be cherished,
For the sake of a fragrance shed.
Beauty must have something more,
For it will fade away,
The world takes it as a pastime,
They only with it play.

If you have a beauty,
That is sought much by the world,
Remember time will take it,
And away from you it is hurled.
If the flowers bloom out to-day,
Do not pluck them now and cast
Them to the ground to perish,
Not till seed time is all past.

BACK TO THE OLD EARTH.

Back to the old earth all things must go,
The rich and the great, the high and the low ;
One may climb upward and soar very high,
But in the end on the earth they will lie.

Man in the beginning was made of the dust,
And still he doth cling to and in it now trust ;
He digs in it daily to bring forth his bread,
And back to the earth go the tears he hath shed.

There is a spirit in man that was given,
Not of this earth, it came down from heaven—
And it has long tried to gain the best part,
Of man who has fallen and give him a heart.

Of what we have seen by traveling this way,
We know that the world is going back to clay ;
The trees that grow tall and the leaves that do play,
Fall to the ground and are carried away.

If man in the beginning had held what he gained,
And not sold himself to the flesh as is claimed ;
He might have been able to travel right on,
And not have gone back to the place where he was born.

His spirit it claimeth a home in the sky,
But the flesh is content in the earth to lie ;
If we now expect a height here to gain,
We should not resign to the flesh not a claim.

THE GOLDEN CORD.

There is a golden cord,
Love passes from his hand,
That is why so many homes
On a foundation stand.
They feel that love is passing,
And they the cord doth clutch,
And bind it round to hold,
They feel love's loss so much.

And 'ere they are aware,
The cord is bound each thread,
They know that love is past,
But honor is not dead.
And it will hold we know,
For it has oft been tried,
Through all the ups and downs,
And out on the ocean wide.

For many love has set free,
When a home they have made,
But they preferred unhappiness,
Than that honor should lay in the shade.
Many things have counterfeits,
And honor has one too,
But oftentimes we are deceived,
Until it is proved true.

LOVE AS A FIRE THAT GLOWS.

Love does not come in the night,
A groping for the door,
A begging for shelter and bread,
O! no, love is not poor.
He never walks in the dark,
He carries his light along,
And it doth shine into the heart,
And awakes a new sweet song.

Love does not ask for a home,
He forces, yes, his way,
Tho' ofttimes when he enters
He is not asked to stay.
He quickly leaves the heart,
When he no good can find,
He will not stay with one
Who treats him so unkind.

The heart has never found
A lock that is secure,
That cannot be undone,
By love which is so pure.
He does not ofttimes leave alone,
The cabin in the lane,
Ask the inmates for the truth,
They will tell that he has been.

Love is like a fire that burns,
As long as the fuel lasts,

But when it is withdrawn,
 Its glory is all past.
And if you wish for love to stay,
 Keep the heart's door open wide,
And if you have a fear,
 In him you must confide.

As a cinder hard and cold,
 When the fire is dead,
So the warmth is all gone,
 When love from the heart has fled.
The heart that is now dead,
 Will not receive the glow,
Tho' honor near doth stand,
 Doth not the world this show.

FRIENDS THAT ARE TRUE.

Speak of friends kindly, those that are dead,
Tell of the light they once o'er us shed;
Praise them, oh yes, praise them to-day,
For they in the graveyard quietly lay;
They cannot hear us, but if they do,
It does not affect them as some we once knew.

They may know of the love we do feel,
But they will not away from us quietly steal;
And leave us alone in the cold world to stray,

Oh, no, they are there, they quietly lay;
We may go to their grave and tell of our grief,
And oftentimes it gives a quiet relief.

The friends that are dead are the ones that we know
Will not forsake us though far off we go,
They will not leave us and wander away;
Oh, no, they will never away from us stray;
They are close by our side sweet memory to claim,
And there they abide through misery and shame.

Now if you have wandered away from right,
Remember your friends, remember them to-night,
And perhaps they will show you a glimpse of the past,
That will save you from falling though you have just cast
All hope from your hand, you have let it all go.
And why should you not your friendship now show.

YOUTH'S YOUNG MORNING.

I love youth's young morning in the first pure dawn,
Of its awakening of its bright sunny morn;
Of what a pleasure to think is ahead,
What will noon be when it is shed.

The joy that is awakened in youth's bright morn,
The thought of a load that has not been borne;
Are more aspiring than to attain,
A purpose in life without love's pure gain.

Cherish the morning and keep it still young,
Let the joys of youth always be sung;
Keep your love in morning's bright glow,
For if it has passed the noon tide it will go.

Do not hurry love too much on his way,
But try to induce him his steps for to stay;
For if he passes the noon tide too soon,
The decline will come on and then there will be gloom.

It is better never to know the bright dawn,
Of love in his youth if noon brought a storm;
How many would wish for the noon's glorious ray,
If they knew how quickly it would vanish away.

After the noon there is ever a decline,
The sun has passed on the other side to shine;
You may not be ready for it to reveal,
The scars and batters you try to conceal.

There is always a shadow somewhere cast,
When the sun has quite an object passed;
It is always better to keep on youth's side,
Where the sunbeams have opened their flowers wide.

Many things in youth love can conceal,
While old age the defects surely will reveal;
If you wish to be happy keep love young,
Let him ever expect the noonday's bright sun.

LOVE TREE.

You say that you love me, but how do I know;
It is only guess work for the world doth show,
As we look around us for a spark to trace,
The smile that once shone on this sad face.

Do not give to the glow the name called love,
Until you know it came from above;
For oftentimes we see the dewdrops at morn,
Appear as jewels a bride to adorn;
But when the wind shatters them all down,
They mingle at once with the cold damp ground.

Now as you stand with your face all aglow,
And ask for my hand, how do I know,
Has not others those same words told;
Have they not vowed they were pure as gold?
But now when we meet them we think they are dead—
They are only part of an old dry shed.

If what you think is love to-day,
Was by the object cast away;
Would you not gather the scattered ray,
And offer it anew another day?
We cannot tell if love it should be
By the leaves that grow on the beautiful tree.

It is only through patience the love we can see,
Growing as fruit on a high, high tree;
When love first appears it seems the same,

That youth called the heaven-born flame;
But patiently wait and the fruit you will see,
Growing high up, out of reach it will be.

Many have fallen the tree to gain,
The fruit growing on it, but it remained;
Too high for one so low in mind,
So they must possess a different kind;
Love is a shield that seeks to save,
And raise one higher than a slave.

BLENDING OF WINTER AND SPRING.

We sang, for we thought King Winter was gone,
The birds echoed our voice all along;
The trees had shone that they were glad,
Though King Winter moaned so sad.
As he a parting frown just cast,
Over his shoulder as he passed;
Little we knew of his intent,
For we thought that his power was spent.

So we lay down on our beds to rest;
The winds gently blew and the breeze caressed;
The trees must have been talking, too,
And if we had just then knew,

What they were saying when the clouds were spread
Over the sky as the dewdrops were shed;
The flowers had opened that they might receive
The dewdrops that heaven alone can give.

We slept on peacefully and there lay,
Until the break of a bright new day;
Then we woke up with a chill and a start,
For we felt sure that from something we must part.
There was such a chill we thought of the dead,
And quickly arising from our bed
We opened the doors and there met our view
A mantle of snow instead of the dew.

King Winter had just now stepped down,
As he was forced to resign his crown;
Oh, why should he such malice show,
When leaving the things he could not make grow?
As to cast his deadening smile,
Over the green and smiling isle;
As so many in the world you may find,
Which is of King Winter's mind.

But the sight was worth the while,
To even resign Spring's sweet smile;
For the scene before us made us think of the gate
That is open for the pure in the heavenly state.
The trees were covered in silver and green,
And diamonds and emeralds all woven between;
The scene was so charming we wish not to awake,
A sweet summer breeze, lest its glory it would take.

We watched this scene charmed by the sight,
As the sun in its glory shed forth its light;
That warmed up the breeze that murmured and fell—
That shattered the diamonds and emeralds as well.
We stood still charmed as the sun shown how
He did adorn nature's fair brow;
But his smiles were too late for to save,
The flowers from their snow white grave.

But, oh, how grand it must be to die,
In such beauty and springtime so nigh;
All things wept as the change came on,
The birds even whispered a sad sweet song.
Many sweet flowers that had bloomed the day before,
Lay there limp, their sweet life was o'er;
Oh, why should we weep for the flowers that are dead,
When death in such glory such sweet fragrance shed?

HOPE.

Hope like an anchor holdeth fast,
That we may be able the lifeboat to cast;
Hope is not only an anchor to stay,
But it is the compass that points out the way.
Hope is not bought and sold here for gain,
But it is given that we may yet obtain,
The price that is given if we here endure,
Until the end and keep the heart pure.

There would be no enjoyment here below,
If there was no hope in the future to show,
A bright ray of light on the dark way,
Where mortals are forced in their weakness to stay.
It is hope that holdeth the light to show
The way to the simple and the wise who know,
That it is given to all who here claim,
It is conqueror when life has been slain.

It is hope that enables man to abide,
The struggle of life and on the top ride;
Without it he would no purpose here gain,
But soon he would be found with the slain.
The workman who toils in the rough way,
Is living in hope that some future day,
He may be able his purpose to gain,
And there a true hope with him, yes, remain.

The world it doth change, yes, every day,
The seasons they come but they cannot stay;
But hope it is here and will be till the last,
O ! yes, it will be the last thing to pass.
When the world is sunken out of sight,
There will be hope for those who are right;
This joy they will carry to the other side,
And with them in heaven it will there abide.

HONOR OR LOVE.

Love has no honor here to claim,
Tho' he fights the fight he is never slain;
You may him take into your heart,
And give to him the ruling part.
And there he will his power show,
And hold out firm against the foe;
Until he sees a better place,
'Tis then in vain you may him chase.

'Tis honor that doth follow on yes, fast,
When love his radiant smile has cast;
He comes on with his cord of gold,
And round the tower he doth it fold.
That they may still appear to be,
One in soul that the world may see;
They know the charm of love is dead,
But honor has not from them fled.

'Tis much better to be bound,
With honor than to rove around;
When love has passed out of sight,
For one is left without the light.
It is much better not to see,
Than from the light be forced to flee,
For there is darkness all around,
Where love or reason is not found.

SELF'S EYEGLASSES.

Self has eyeglasses
That enlarge one way,
And diminish in another;
They have power to slay.
He twists and turns them
To show to the world,
That he is the banner,
Himself has unfurled.

He sees his work,
As a mountain high;
Builded by himself
Almost to the sky.
He sees himself
As the one who stands,
And holds the world
As if in his own hands.

He is sure to see
The mistakes that are made,
By others who tried
When success it was stayed.
But if there is one
Who succeeds in a way,
He claims the honor
Without delay.

His works is the greatest
That ever was done,
His yarns are the best
That ever were spun.
There never was a great work,
Finished or begun;
But if self had been there
A place had he won.

He knows the weakness
Of others, but he
Has not the eyeglasses
His falseness to see.
We call him a coward,
A sneak and a knave;
But what, alas!
Are we not his slave?

Do we look on others
As the sunbeams that glow,
And try by the light
The good traits to show?
Or do we as a shadow
Our own self there stand,
In the way of the light
That falls o'er the land.

FILL YOUR OWN PLACE.

We strike the cord of praise, yes, when,
We see the work of noble men,
Who labor in the field so wide,
When who can face the foaming tide;
Men who do not their duty shirk,
But with much courage do their work.

There is but one place for man to fill,
Tho' he puts forth all his skill,
His work may be from shore to shore,
Yet there is room for many more;
To labor in the field so wide,
To labor, yes, there side by side.

You need not think that you can do,
Another's work when it you view,
You are not asked tho' you have skill,
Another's place on earth to fill;
It is your own work here will show,
If you did stand or forward go.

There is room, yes, in front we know,
And now is the time your skill to show,
The enemy is there the ones to kill,
Who enter near without the skill;
That is given to all by the hand above,
Who their place fill and a good work love.

THE EYES TELL THE STORY.

Look into the eyes of those you meet
And read in them each day
The language of the heart
And hear what they have to say.
For the tongue is oftentimes telling
What the eyes cannot but deny,
The tongue can frame deceipt
But the eyes, they cannot lie.

Many say they are happy,
Contented, yes, and free;
But, hush, the eyes are talking,
Listen and hear what it be!
Ofttimes we hear laughing,
The jesters we oftentimes see;
And if the eyes were silent,
We would think they were happy and free.

One can show to the world,
Only the sunny side;
But if they expect to deceive it,
The eyes they must surely hide.
For they can undo in a moment,
All the labor of the past;
They can bind the words in a bundle,
And forth to the wind they are cast.

If your lover seeketh your hand,
And his voice be low and sweet;
Look into his eyes the truth to gain,
For they cannot frame deceit.
The jester may laugh and say,
He believes there is no God;
But look in his eyes and see,
He fears the chastening rod.

The world sings as if it was happy,
But is it trying to get relief;
The eyes express it plainly,
They show in silence their grief.
They are the X-rays of the heart,
They the record there do keep;
It is written there plainly for all,
They only conceal it in sleep.

The tongue may brag of to-morrow,
And tell of expected gain;
But what was done yesterday,
The eyes in them now retain.
The tongue doth change its voice,
It can speak soft and low;
But the eyes have but one language,
And the truth in them doth show.

SEPTEMBER.

O ! hush, it is September,
The breezes whisper low ;
The trees are waving and nodding,
The leaves down, down they go.
It is a sad time to-day,
Not that we wish it is gone ;
For it would leave the world colder
Than when it was first born.

If it would last forever,
We would wish for it to stay ;
But when the nuts are showered down,
They must be stored away.
The scenes around us speak
Of a cold bleak winter's day ;
O ! yes, the breezes tell us,
That it is now on its way.

The trees have changed their dress of green,
Because the nights were cold ;
They have put on red and purple,
And some are robed in gold.
You would admire its dressing,
If you saw its robe to-day ;
But, alas ! how soon it will change,
To its cold sober gray.

Many admire September,
When the nights are cool and sweet;
After the summer has passed,
After its boiling heat.
And its is nice to see,
The trees all loaded down
With fruit instead of flowers,
And some have on their brown.

The sun has changed his course,
He is going back to see
Where the flowers grow in winter,
And the birds sing on so free.
If I had wings like a bird,
I would follow its bright ray;
I would go to the south land,
And let the fruit just lay.

THE LASTING FLOWERS.

The flowers we cherish in youth's sunny morn,
Are withered and perished, they are faded and gone;
Perished are the joys of our young days,
But still in our memory we offer them praise.

The flowers that fade when the summer is gone,
Are emblems of what we are when we are born;

So we are to be cared for and kept in the sun,
Or else the bright youth is faded and gone.

The flowers that bloom so early in morn,
Are cast forth and withered when the sun has but shone;
So perished are the joys we cherished in youth,
Those which will last are virtue and truth.

DO YOUR BEST.

Give the best you have to the world,
 Let the fountain flow;
For if you stint it now,
 It may never wish to grow.
Open the heart, yes, wide,
 For the good that you can do;
But close it against all evil,
 And bar the door too.

A thing that is worth doing,
 Is worthy a trial to obtain;
The highest place of achievement,
 The top, if there is one to gain.
Give to the world what you have,
 Put forth the best you know,
And sooner or later in life,
 The fruit of it will show.

You need not be afraid,
To put forth your skill and art;
Lest you should fail to attain,
Or in your good work fall short.
Doing good pays back the interest,
That you may buy a fresh store;
It increases each day that you labor,
It accumulates more and more.

THE LITTLE BOAT.

There was a little boat out on the tide,
And in it sat two, side by side;
The wind blew high,
And the little boat tossed;
The tide was strong,
O! will it be lost?

Surely not, though the wind and tide,
Seem so determined those two to divide;
For the hand was strong
That held the oar,
And he pulled straight
For the other shore.

This little boat stemming the tide
With the two sitting there, side by side,
In this boat sailing out,

There is no room
To give to others,
Just enough for home.

But in the heart of those two side by side,
There is room enough and love to provide;
For the little ones sent
By the hand above,
To knit together
This cord of love.

How many little boats thus laden
Will reach at last the true haven,
With all the cargo
God doth give
Will reach at last
Where the angels live?

VIEWING AHEAD.

A sailor stood on the shore one morn,
As the tide came rushing in;
Why do you gaze and stare about,
Why don't your sailing begin?
You see, said he, as he pointed out,
Over the foaming sea beyond,
I do not wish to lose my ship,
Nor the cargo, and he frowned.

So you must wait for the tide to turn,
Though you think it is a waste of time;
You cannot stem the raging sea,
Though you think your power sublime.
There is always a time to start and stop,
And the thing for us to know,
Is just when and where to make a start,
And where and which way to go.

So stand on the shore and view far out,
Be ready to hear the call,
"All on board, the tide has turned!"
Be ready to stand or fall.
There is no time to wait,
When the tide starts out from shore;
Your work will not be so hard,
But ply yourself to the oar.

The sailor knows his work,
And the working of the sea,
And why should not each one know
What his work here should be?
If each one would take hold of what
He is best fitted for,
And not attempt to draw a load,
Unless he knew just where.

The world is like a troubled sea,
And seems quite out of place;

So many are just running round,
That know not of the chase.
There are so many who collide
In one way or another;
There are no two who are side by side,
Not even a sister and brother.

There is no waiting on this shore,
For the tide to come in;
They plunge into the foaming sea,
And many are drowned in sin.
Why can't they show the sense,
The sailors do who stand
And wait for the tide to turn,
When he knows the strength of his hand?

A WANDERER.

If you are out on the mountain bare,
Away off in the cold;
Come back to Jesus while you may,
Come back to the Shepherd's fold.

You need not think He has forgot,
The souls he died to save;
He calls for those who shed His blood,
He calls for the warriors brave.

You may be out in a desert bare,
You may be bound with sin;
Still He is calling now for you;
He has opened the door, come in.

FAMILY LOVE.

Love was not born in heaven above,
As many claim to have known love;
He was born amid disgrace,
He was born for human race.

When man had eaten of the tree
That robbed him of his purity,
There was no chance for him to stand
Above the beasts that roamed the land.

For he had lost the image quite
Of God who made him pure and right,
And then was love born there to save
The man who had become a slave.

Now love has fought on every side
To save him from the gulf so wide,
Where many who mistook the charm
And fallen into sin's strong arm.

Now watch for the love that comes
And turns you from fair duty's charms,
This is not the love to court
Who only wants a game of sport.

But love that is for this earth given
Is the one that can build a home in heaven,
So you must look up if love you see,
For he is high and pure and free.

THE WANDERING GIRL.

We read of the wandering boy,
Who gathered half of his father's wealth ;
Who packed it up in a bundle,
And carried it off for himself.

But what of the wandering girl,
They went off together they say ;
He promised to love and cherish,
And from her never to stray.

She was not a sister you see,
That is what the neighbors said ;
The family mourned her as lost,
They thought her surely dead.

The days passed by as a dream,
To those who are happy and free;
But they drag along slowly to one
Bound in chains as she.

She thought of the home she had left,
But she did not think of return;
For she knew her father well,
She knew he was cold and stern.

So many a girl in purity,
Has wandered away from home;
Dreaming that it was love that was calling,
She listened to the man who said come.

And when he came to himself,
He left her and went home;
He left her out in a strange land,
He left her there to roam.

So he goes back there to greet
His friends of by-gone days;
He receives flattery and tolerance,
And some even offer him praise.

They think there is something in him,
So the world offers him a chance;
But upon the poor wandering girl,
The world does not even glance.

So if you are a girl do not wander,
 Away from your home if it is poor;
For if you suffer disgrace,
 You cannot return any more.

VIEWING BACKWARD.

I wish it was morning if I could but retrace,
The steps that went wrong in life's rugged chase;
I wish when backward glancing I might see,
A path leading upward and straight as can be.

I wish it was morning if I could but reclaim;
The precious time wasted in pleasures and shame;
If I could but show to the world below,
That life has a purpose that all ought to know.

I wish it was morning that I might start again,
On life's rough road I would not refrain
From trying life over and beginning back again,
When I see what I have lost by trifling with sin.

I wish it was morning and the pure sunlight,
Would shine into glory and show me the right;
I would start life over when I saw it was clear,
That the day before me would bring me bright cheer.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE.

The hand that now the cradle sway,
Is the hand that rules the world to-day;
This is what we have read and heard men say,
But surely not in this fast day.

How many mothers now do stand,
And rock the cradle with her own hand;
Has she not many things to do,
That take her out of baby's view?

The cradle is now swayed to-day,
By a servant's hand who works for pay;
How can this hand a good work do,
Who only have the pay in view?

Do you think it would the mother pay,
Away from society and clubs to stay;
That she might win the baby's love,
And guide his steps to heaven above?

LOVE AND YOUTH.

Love and youth walk hand in hand,
They 'mid troubles together stand ;
Youth is made by love more strong,
They can endure a conflict long.

It is a pleasure to behold,
Those warriors who are ever bold ;
When they hand in hand face on the field,
An enemy he is forced to yield.

If you are young and wish to gain,
A victory or a noble name ;
Take love as your companion free,
In war he will not from you flee.

Love does not join with you to stand,
Then leave you in a foreign land ;
O ! no, he will with you abide,
Down to death's cold flowing tide.

An enemy cannot from you sever,
Love will abide with you forever ;
Your hand alone the tie can break,
You have the power a home to make.

GOING TO DO.

Going to do is something that is said,
It looms in the future and hides what's ahead ;
We cannot do things we should do to-day,
For thinking of to-morrow and what's in the way.

We all expect to do something grand,
But, O ! alas, it is never at hand ;
It is easy to do something to-morrow,
Than to do it to-day tho' it cause much sorrow.

The great things in the future we view,
But those that are worthless are the things that we do ;
We see bright prospects ahead it is true,
But when they come near they are lost to the view.

Many who expect to soar up high,
Will not make a step to assist them to fly ;
They expect to-morrow a height to attain,
But to-day not a step upward they gain.

It is what we have done and what we now do,
That is counted against us or for us 'tis true ;
We will be judged by what we attain,
For what's in the future may there remain.

GET READY TO GO.

Stop a few moments now,
Just stop awhile and see
Which way the tide is going,
To carry you out so free.
Be sure you see the course,
In life you intend to take,
And that the way is clear,
Be sure there is no break.

Many there be who start,
In the wrong course to-day;
And it is a waste of time,
And causeth much delay.
There are many places,
Where you can make from shore;
But are all things ready,
Have you the steady oar?

Many there be who are able,
To sail the boat from shore;
But who can bring it in,
With only a broken oar?
Before you make your start,
Be sure you have on hand;
All things that are required,
To bring the boat to land.

THE WANDERING BOY.

We read of the son who did return,
After squandering the living he had;
We read of how he ate the husk among the swine;
He ate them for the lack of bread.

His suffering brought him to his mind,
As among the swine he fed;
So I will return to my father's home,
Where the servants lack no bread.

So saying he started on his way,
A begging for shelter and bread;
His father saw him come home,
He ran to meet him so glad.

He caught him in his arms with joy,
As, oh, my child, he said;
I have long mourned for thee,
For I thought thee surely dead.

Oh, father, said the weary son,
I do not ask for the place I had;
Don't you see I am starving now,
I ask only for some bread.

Oh, bring, said the father, quick,
The garments white and clean;
And place them on my lost boy,
For now his face I have seen.

Oh, hurry to the field and bring
The fatted calf I have kept so long
Awaiting a joyous time,
When we could join in song.

Oh, come rejoice with me,
My neighbors, one and all;
For my son had wandered far away,
He was out of reach of my call.

It is only the prayers that can reach
Out for the wanderers all;
It is only them that go so far,
They save all those who fall.

I think there is no pay,
In wandering too far for a call;
A wolf might be in the way,
Then there would be no chance at all.

MONEY.

Money is a monarch, this land it doth rule,
It conquers the right man, it conquers the fool;
Love oftentimes is bought and it is sold,
Its value is counted in silver and gold.

Life and money stand forth in the way,
It is asked of the right how much they will pay ;
The thief sneaks out some money to take,
And he strikes down a life just for its sake.

The rich have it with which friends they can gain,
The poor seek it with which bread to obtain ;
The young they are anxious some money to make,
And oftentimes they are tempted some for to take.

A lawyer he barters his knowledge to gain,
The gold that is stolen by the man in the chain ;
He will give you advice if you offer him gold,
Also to the man who money has stole.

The lawyer he takes the money tho' he
Fails in his attempt his client to free ;
The money is paid by the client tho' he
Is taken from the courtroom and hanged on a tree.

The doctor comes on in the same way,
That the lawyer has opened he takes his pay ;
If you are dead your gold can't rest,
The doctor and lawyer, they know what is best.

The preacher comes forth and boldly doth say,
"You must be prepared for the judgment day."
The precious word he dealeth out that is free,
But he takes all the money he can for his fee.

There is no one that we can see,
But what puts forth a price or a fee;
The wicked seek for it to gain,
The good man wish it to obtain.

Yes, money doth possess a charm,
It can be made of good or harm;
In giving forth its blessed to show,
How willing we do let it go.

But when it is held by a miser's hand,
The world doth quickly understand;
The power it has the good to sway,
And the evil it can bring forth each day.

CARRY YOUR OWN LIGHT.

There is the light that is given
To the pilgrim on his way,
It shineth here to keep
In the straight and narrow way.
This lamp he must carry himself,
That the way he may surely see;
He cannot walk by the light of another,
Tho' bright and shining it be.

There is a path that we must travel,
And a light that we may see;
The path is straight and narrow,
A path for the pure and free.
In it there is no room,
That another may walk by your side,
So carry the light yourself,
And follow the heavenly guide.

You need not fear another
Will crowd you out of the way,
If you keep your light a-burning,
And go right on your way.
Others may wish for you
To follow the light they give,
But you will surely stumble—
You must follow the light you have.

If one is truly anxious
To the world for to give
Something of worth or value,
Just show them how to live.
Keep your light a-burning,
That others may see where you stand,
And not by your false light
Be led into quicksand.

GOING FORWARD.

The world moves forward towards the west,
For it is there that the sun sinks to rest.
It is best to follow the course that the light,
The path it has made in its homeward flight.

As we travel onward towards the west
The rainbow shows its beautiful crest.
It tells of a promise that is for thee,
Though you must face the troubled sea.

In the morning the sun gives forth a glow
That brightens the clouds in the west to show
The course you should take in youth to gain,
And old age without a blot or a stain.

And if this course you follow till noon
You will not wish to leave it so soon,
For the sun will then be in front to show
The course you should take and which way you should go.

In starting one does not always see clear
The path that is best nor the course for to steer,
But if the sun should hide its bright face,
One's conscience is there to shine in its place.

The rainbow in the morning is where the sun
Will be in the evening when his work is done;
So keep the course and straightforward go,
And you will find there the sun's evening glow.

THE BEST PART OF LIFE.

You say that the best part of life is now gone,
And no sunbeams has yet o'er it shone.
Why do you think so if youth was thus cast,
Amid the dark hours has it now been passed?
Do you take it for granted that the day will be dark
Because the morning refused a bright spark?

When the morning's bright glory is overcast,
Until half of life has already been passed;
Do you think it was best because it was morn,
Though the sun had not chased the clouds from the dawn?
Why not consider the best part of life,
That when the sun chases all strife?

We have all seen a morning dawn cold,
But we have lived in hope that the day would unfold
And reveal a joy, a warmth unsurpassed,
As if the sun had saved its glory to cast
A sunbeam to pay for the loss sustained,
Of missing the morning that other had gained.

Do not judge by the dawn what the day will be,
Just wait and be patient till the end you do see.
The sun may be hid by the clouds in the sky,
Remove them, and then you will see it is high.
Work in faith tho' the morning be cold,
The sun may shine forth with beauty untold.

The sun may shine forth in the morning so bright,
But look in the west and see if it is light,
For sometimes the sun's morning glow
Reflects on a dark cloud in the west and doth show
A rainbow in its glory and beauty to view,
A storm raging there, it is not made by the dew.

Youth may shine forth as a sunbeam to-day,
It may glisten and sparkle and around you play.
Its beauty is only for a moment you might say.
Time takes it and scatters it far away.
For if your morning be dark and cold,
The evening may shine forth with beauty untold.

Youth is like unto the coming of dawn,
There is nothing in it the time you are born.
The sunbeams of morn may dispel the gloom,
But will it shine forth after the noon?
Will the evening sunbeams foretell
Of to-morrow, will it say all is well?

ONLY THREE AT THE OLD HOME.

There are only three at the old home now,
The others are gay and glad,
That the tie is broken and they are free,
Away from the love they had.

They have almost forgotten how,
The cord around was cast,
That held them all together there,
But that old time has passed.

Oh, yes! they have homes of their own,
That takes their time and care,
But why is it they pass around
As if they had a fear?
That memory would claim of them now
A thought of the long past,
So they rush forward now in haste,
And the old love to the wind is cast.

You need not think that love will last,
It seems that it was given,
That all should have a little taste
Of what will be in heaven.
We do not ask for returning days,
No, we are going on,
Towards the reunion up above,
Where all will join in song.

Up in the home where the Father rules,
The mind is not so narrow,
That one can't share the crumbs that are cast,
Like the little wild wood sparrow.
All will understand in that world above
That the Father he doth show
His love more freely to those who have
Been deprived of the love below.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

There is a ship that starts to-day,
Manned by a captain who knows the way.
His ship he will keep and sin outride,
And carry you safe to the other side.
The angels, too, are standing round
And pointing you to the ship that is sound.
The captain, too, is also near,
A-calling now, oh don't you you hear?

Why not take your passage now?
Jesus in pity shows you how
To gain an entrance that you may
With him sail out far away
From old companions that hath made
You so doubting and so 'fraid;
Oh, make the starting time to-day,
Oh, sinner, come, with Christ away.

And quit this shore where you have been
So powerless in the grasp of sin.
Come, come, just now while he doth give
You a chance with him to live.
Come on board, oh, sinner, come,
There is no state-room, it's just home.
The rich there have no place beside,
All those who sail together ride.

Many ships have sailed from shore,
With captains rich and captains poor,

But this ship has now on board
A captain who was sent from God.
He knows the way so well doth he,
For he has sailed this same rough sea ;
And now he is able this ship to steer
Straight through the breakers, tho' they be near.

Oh, come with him without delay ;
Oh, come to Jesus while you may,
For if this boat away should sail,
Sin might then with you prevail ;
So come just now as you be,
And Christ will make you ever free.
He calls for all ; he calls you now,
Come, oh, yes, and renew your vow.

WORKING.

Go out in the field and search for the lost ;
Go out in the field and bear your cross.
Go out in the field and find who you may ;
And prepare them, oh, for the judgment day.

Go out in the world among mankind,
For there is many that you can find
That are quite willing their sins to forsake,
If they but knew which way to take.

Go out among the starving poor;
Go out and show them to the door
Where Jesus sits at his right hand,
Of Him who doth all good command.

Go out and work while you have time,
For this great work is so sublime;
It lifts you upward to the sky;
It places you where you will never die.

BUILDING.

We are all stones that are placed
Somewhere in the world to fill up space.
Some are square and some are long;
Some are weak and some are strong.
But what each here should be—
Firm, and strong, and true, and free.
There is a place on earth for all,
Tho' some are not raised up so tall.

You may not be up in the sky,
Decked by an artist's hand up high,
For to display his artist's skill,
And a high place on earth to fill.
You may be one down on the ground,
One buried in the sand, but sound,
Still you fill your place here,
For the tower on you doth stand forth clear.

If you should build a tower high,
Would you commence up in the sky?
No, the workman, when he views,
The pile of stones he is to use
He selects the largest in sight,
And places them for he knows that it is right.
He places them there on the ground to lie,
While he builds the tower on it so high.

Many stones are ofttimes found
Which soon mingle with the ground ;
So before the stone is builded in to stand,
They hew and try it on every hand ;
And if it stands the workman's test,
It receives the honor with the rest ;
If it is smooth and firm, you see,
The harder then the test will be.

Many towers and buildings stand,
But they are not found on sinking sand.
The workmen dig deep in the ground,
Until they find a portion sound,
And then they lay the largest stone down,
Upon the place they have digged and found.
The workmen know that they will stand,
Tho' sorely tried on every hand.

If you should have no trials here,
You ought to feel the greatest fear,

That you are not worth the pains and care
Bestowed on those that's prized most dear.
The stones the builders wish to show,
Are polished and hewed, yes, this we know,
And they are placed up in the sky,
That they may be seen by the passers-by.

The foundation of a building does not always show
But it is there, or the buildings would go.
We do not always see the best—
We see the outside and guess at the rest.
It is only in the furnace the pure is found;
It is only in trials one is proved not sound.
The world misjudges, for it does not know
The heart and purpose—it looks at the show.

In testing a stone the builders make sure
It is firm and strong and will endure;
And if it is tested and found impure,
It is thrown in as filling; it cannot endure.
The stones that are for beauty or strength,
Are hewn by the artist as his mind may think.
The place they can fill and where they should go,
The artist himself is the one that should know.

Many stones in the world may be found
Which are round and cornered, yet sound.
The artist has tried of them to make
A stone of worth to fill up a loop;

But the temper is such that when he tries
To hew them in shape their anger flies.
They will not endure the chisel's test,
So they will not receive the honor that is best.

It is nice to be high like a signal staff,
As forth to the world its glory wafts.
The honor we place on the topmost stone,
And forget the one in the ground not shown.
The topmost stone may fall to the ground,
But if the foundation remaineth sound
It can be replaced by another as well—
This is what we see and have heard tell.

But who can replace the foundation once gone?
Who has come forth in history and shown
That they can build a tower that is high
Without a foundation on the ground to lie?
So we view many buildings that lie on the ground,
The beautiful stones all scattered around,
While still in its place the foundation we see,
As strong and firm as it can well be.

May each one strive a stone to be,
Worthy of honor as the artist see;
May each one fill his place that is given,
As if he were building a tower to heaven.
May no complaint or anger be shown,
Tho' the artist hew you to make a stone
Worthy the place on thee to stand,
To show the skill of an artist's hand.

UNFOUND.

If I possessed a pen the world has never found
To express the soul that is ever above ground
I would picture to the world's view
Something grand and noble, something new.

If I could on earth awake the spirit the world say
Was never buried, but where is it to-day?
If I could bring it forth and show it where
It once roamed the earth so fair?

But when we look over the earth and see
We wonder what in the future it will be.
Old Father Time seems too slow
For men to-day who make him tramp so.

Oh, if I could in some heart awake
The soul of a poet that he might take
His pen and by his stroke give
Something to the world that it might live.

RETURNED TOO LATE.

An old lady sat by the window,
The lamp was burning low,
She was watching for the return
Of her son who left long ago.
He must have struck it rich,
That's why he had forgot to return,
For if he now was a wanderer,
He would not the old home spurn.

The father had watched and waited,
As anxious as the mother is now,
But care rested heavy upon him,
And time had furrowed his brow.
But when he was dying he called
And asked if the boy had returned,
The one who had wandered away,
And the old home love had spurned.

There was a rich man who entered
His office one bright sunny morn,
He was neat and tidy in appearance,
He was stalwart and noble in form.
He took up the morning paper,
Anxious the news to obtain,
For he was always ready to enter
A project in which there was gain.

A few lines in the morning paper
Carried him back to his youth,

Was he asleep and dreaming?
Or was it really the truth?
He read the paper over,
And tried it to understand,
His eyes seemed clouded with a mist,
And unsteady was his strong hand.

The paragraph told of a home,
Out in the country so wide,
Where three were happy and contented
As they sat by the old fireside
Until a stranger there came,
And aroused in the heart of the lad,
A desire to go to the city,
A desire that made the home sad.

The boy listened to the stories
Told by the stranger from afar,
How many had made their fortunes
And reveled in riches there
Until he was discontented at home
And decided that he would leave,
He seemed to forget how lonely
His parents there would grieve.

The boy loved them at home as many
Boys who think they are true,
But when they go out in the world
It is forgotten when out of their view.

This boy wrote for awhile
To those at home once so dear,
But business claimed his attention
And his life was now full of care.

And others had filled the place
In his heart, were they as good
As those whom he had left?
Those who had by him stood?
In all his boyish troubles,
He knew in whom to confide,
His father had been true and noble,
And kept him close by his side.

He read the paragraph through,
It was written by a stranger's hand,
It described how forgetful one was
When away from the home band.
He told how lonely it was
For those who at home did stay,
For those who were aged and feeble,
For those who were withered and gray.

Those lines must have been written,
By some one who his life knew,
For it touched the keynote,
And his past life opened to view.
He remembered the sad parting,
He now remembered his promise, too,
How he had intended to return,
It all now came back to his view.

He decided to go back once more,
And the old folks there to see,
It was a good way from the city,
But the train ran near, you see.
So next morning he kissed his dear ones
Goodbye his trip for to make,
He mused on the way how many
Precious hours of his time it would take.

His mind being quite busy recalling
The scenes of his boyhood days,
'Ere he was aware time had passed,
The train stopped and he there gazed.
For the village had grown
Almost to a city, thought he,
As he stared around for some object
O, where was the old maple tree?

The grove so grand was all gone,
And there in its place, yes, stood,
Buildings of modern fashion,
O, was this really good.
Should he find all changed at the old home?
Or would it be there the same
As when he left it long ago?
O, what could he of it claim?

He engaged a carriage at once,
And a driver he required, yes, too,
It was not far to his old home,
A short drive brought it to view.

It was not as of yore,
With fields of richest green,
O, no, the briars and thorns
Had changed altogether the scene.

He looked long for an object
That he could remember well,
O, yes, there was the grand oak,
Standing there by the well.
But everything looked so lonely
As he from the carriage did light,
He looked around for some life,
But there was none brought to his sight.

He turned to the driver and asked
If that old place had been sold.
O, yes, said the driver, last week;
The story is sad that is told.
I do not wish to repeat it,
For it seems that it cannot be true,
That a child could leave a home,
And never come back it to view.

But now as you are concerned,
I will tell you just what I have heard;
How the son went away to the city,
And never wrote back a kind word.
The father and mother left there,
Worked and watched for their boy
To return to them who was ever
Their life, their hope and their joy.

But there was a neighbor boy
Who lived near the old pair,
And he used to stay and help them
When they were bowed down with care.
He gave them hope and pleasure,
He would talk about the return,
Of the boy who had gone away
To the grand city to learn.

But the time was long to wait,
But even time comes to and end,
The old man had toiled and saved
To have money for his son to spend.
But the old man died a month later,
And the old lady a week, yes, to-day,
The son didn't return, so the boy
Has the will made in his favor, they say.

He has closed up the house for awhile,
But rumor has it afloat
That the boy will soon be married,
That is what an old friend has wrote.
And everyone will wish him joy,
For he was so kind and good,
To those old people so feeble,
He did everything that he could.

I know if the son could return
Back from the world above,
He would not try to take
The home for the sake of that love.

The boy had for the aged
Father and mother of the son,
Who had left them for the sake
Of the yarns a stranger had spun.

There was a mist that gathered
In the eyes of the man who stood
And listened to the driver before him,
As a gentleman always should.
And when he had finished his story,
The man asked him to wait
Until he had viewed around
This piece of real estate.

He entered the gate as if dreaming,
He tried to think, but the past
Came crowding into his mind;
He tried it aside to cast,
But his heart seemed to stand still,
As regret round it did crowd;
He groaned now in anguish,
And murmured a prayer aloud.

He went back to the carriage,
And seemed so quiet and sad
That the driver asked him his business,
He said the estate was bad.
He went back to the city,
And left the dead there to rest,
While he decided to live better
That he might be more blest.

So ofttimes our purpose is thwarted,
 Yes, by the hand of fate,
And we arrive at conclusions
 When it has proven too late.
So if you have a purpose,
 That is grand or noble to-day,
Show it forth to the world just now,
 Do not lay it in secret away.

FIGHTING THE WOLF.

There was a girl once driven from home,
 Not by a father's hand,
With cruel oaths and heavy blows,
 But by the wolf's strong band.
She had long tried the wolf to fight,
 As he stood at the door,
And now she did what other have
 Done many times before.

She left her home, not to escape
 Starvation who stood at the door,
For had they not the enemy faced,
 Yes, many times before.
Some times there came a tidal wave
 That brought to them a store,
Of things that helped them to fight
 The hungry wolf from the door.

How many tides had risen and fell,
And left no help on shore,
Why should they all so perish now?
Why should they thus give o'er?
They could have fought the wolf away,
And driven him from the shore,
If others had not held the key,
That opened to him the door.

So it was now decided by all
A message forth to send,
That they might thus some help secure,
And find perhaps a friend.
She labored long some bread to gain,
For those who stayed at home,
They knew one word from them would bring
The wanderer back 'twas come.

They fought the enemy on every side,
They stood firm there together,
There was no power could them divide,
No wolf could those two sever.
The enemy fought around the home,
To drive them, yes, from cover,
They did not know how firm they felt,
As the angels did them hover.

The days dragged on so slow,
As no one came to cheer,
And every day was spent in dread
And every night in fear.

For they knew not how soon
The supply would give out,
And they would have no friend near
To drive the wolves ascout.

They did much with their prayers,
The one away to cheer,
For she was living in dread
Of some bad news to hear.
For time had taught them all
That the enemy was prowling around,
For oftentimes they heard his cry
That made a horrid sound.

The continued anxious strain
Upon their strength did feed,
And they wished the wanderer to return,
They felt sorely in need.
Of some one to help them fight,
So they asked her to come back,
And fill the place she left,
Just stand in the same track.

She came back for a while,
Until some strength was gained,
Then she went out again to work,
For no bread at home remained.
And thus she tried it o'er and o'er,
And was driven back again,
And it seemed that all hope now
Was together for them to remain.

The wolf seemed more afraid,
When they stood all together
Than went just two were at home,
So why should fate them sever.
They are looking out for help,
And surely it will come;
The angels have to bring it
From Heaven's dear promised home.

LOAFING.

Oh, where is the soldier boy to-day?
Does he on the corner stand,
Idly waiting for to see
Where he can gain command
Of the idle crowd who surge
With their cigarettes in hand,
Who are anxious for some one
Who is able to command?

This crowd who loaf around
And on the corner stand
Will never muster out
A boy with a clean hand,
Who will be able respect to gain,
Or our armies to command.
Oh, no; the world will pass them by;
It will leave them where they stand.

Now if you wish to make a man,
Don't take a cigarette,
Neither a tobacco quid,
Which are on the ground spat.
If this is what we have to-day
To make men out of we will try
To breathe awhile longer
And then lay down and die.

TO ATTEMPT GREAT THINGS.

Attempt great things ; why should you die
Without gaining a purpose, of something high ?
You need not expect to reach the sky,
Unless you attempt it, or somewhat try.

When you start on life's journey, look around
And select your vocation—be sure it is sound.
In climbing up the mountain of fame,
You cannot stop and there remain.

You must climb up, and up each day ;
Climbing is not a work of play.
And there is no resting place yet found
Until you reach the topmost round.

And when in your strength you gain
The highest round on the ladder of fame,
Hold on fast lest you should fall;
And there would be no honor at all.

So many in starting out you find
Have wandered round and lost their mind;
They did not try to climb very high—
They only climbed a hill nearby.

They soon reached the top and heaved a sigh;
They pass over, and think they will fly;
But soon they are swept away by the tide—
By the tempter's power on the other side.

No matter how small a hill may be,
It slopes down on the other side to the sea.
A small purpose in life you may gain,
But you cannot stop there and long remain.

For every foot of ground on the way
Is not sound for you to stop and stay.
Press right on, for the higher you go,
The footing is stronger—this I know.

If you start out to climb very high,
Select the mount that reaches to the sky.
It is better on this mount to be
Than on the other side, of the hill you see.

As long as you are climbing there is not a fear,
But when you start down the tempter is near.
Now, if you are climbing the mount of fame,
Do not stop and expect to remain.

So keep on the side you must still climb;
Keep on learning all your life-time.
If you think you have gained a point on the way,
Do not brag—just wait till another day.

Now when you look you can see very high,
And the mountain to climb the top's in the sky.
For if you be on this mount going up
When you die you don't have to stop.

There are many ways by which one may climb
Up the hills that are near—you can have your own time
For many have gained the top too soon;
They got there before it was quite noon.

You see when a purpose in life has been won
One grows weary when his work is done.
Satan his workers do often find
Among the idlers, he employs their mind.

One who is on the top can find still
Many things to attract him to start down hill.
Many flatterers, too, there are found—
You know them by their shallow sound.

If one could die when the top he has won,
Just die there in the glory of the noon sun;
Oh, how joyous to pass from the mount,
When the work is done, oh, just pass out.

So many do not a grand purpose try
For fear they will quit it before they die;
But there is no telling what the height one may gain
If they in the right way always remain.

There is more honor on the mount of fame,
If you are but half up than to remain
At the foot or even on the top
Of some false hope or a place to stop.

The mount of fame you may climb high
If you start right and continually try;
But you are sure no height to gain
If you idly at the foot there remain.

There is but one path on this way, and it is straight,
And you must toil both early and late;
But if you should in this way be
When snatched from time to eternity.

You will keep on, your work shall be shown—
It will continue to flourish after you are gone.
The seed that you sow here on this earth
Will flourish and give a pleasure of worth.

Now let me tell you before you begin
To climb up this mountain, see there is no sin,
Clinging to your hands or your heart,
Before you begin be free, every part.

Those who have climbed to the topmost round
Are those who have loved freedom's sweet sound.
We should not attempt something without worth,
But be true to a purpose that truth hath given birth.

And when the death sentence comes you may be
Only half up the mountain, but free.
And the few steps that lie between you and heaven
Can be made at one bound when angels' help given.

FRIENDSHIP.

Press not a friendship, nail it not to the wall,
Lest in your joy you get a fall.
If you have a friend that is true and kind,
Do not urge him sore lest he speak his mind.
Many cords are made for a purpose here,
And the cord of friendship should be most dear.
Place not upon it a burden hard to bear;
Do not ask it to raise your load of care.

Keep your friends on the sunny side,
Keep them there to-day;

Keep them 'mid the sunbeams
And they will never stray.

There is two sides to everything,
And you should know on which side to cling ;
Friendship not often grows in the cold,
It is always brave, but never bold.
There are many friends that will ever be true,
If they were not asked something to do.
Never place them where they will have to stand
Alone for you in a cold, cold land.

It is better to think you have a friend that is true
Than to try them and find they are not for you.
In your battles and your strife,
Call not upon your friends of life,
For in them you may be deceived,
And your heart by them be grieved.
A friend that is true and has been tried,
Is worth far more than all beside.

Talk about friends, but are you true?
Does the sun have to always shine for you?
Or can you be trusted to go in the shade?
Was friendship only for sunbeams made?
Be as good as you wish others were,
Treat every one honest and square ;
Let others recall your memory and tell,
That you have done all things well.

DEATH'S KINDNESS NOT KNOWN.

There was once a little child
That on the bed layed
Sick and suffering
But not afraid.

The mother had asked the doctors all
About the child so frail and small.

Oh, said the doctor,
As he shook his head,
The poor little fellow
Will soon be dead.

The mother's grief here knew no bounds,
For her little child should not lay in the ground.

She fell down by the bedside,
Spread forth her hand, and there she cried.
Oh, death, she cried, oh, spare my son,
Oh, let him live till mine is done.

She seemed to see death standing there;
Oh, death, in mercy, please do spare.
Death seemed to hear her pleading cries,
For the child awoke and opened his eyes.

Oh, mother, why did you me awake,
From that dream; was it for love's sake?
Oh, mother, if you love me so,
You should in pity have let me go.

Oh, I remember now so well,
How the angels tried so hard to tell
About the good things there in store,
For the little children they carry o'er.

At first I thought with them I'd go,
But, oh, dear mother, I loved you so.
I came back here to this earth below
To get you ready with me to go.

The days passed by and the child he grew
Strong and handsome as the world doth view.
The mother had petted and spoiled the child,
The world called him handsome, but very wild.

The years passed by and news there came
Of a man who lay dying shot through the brain.
There was a shriek and the murderer was chased;
At length he was captured and brought to face.

The mother, in the meantime, had never found
No one so kind and joyous around.
Many rumors she heard,
But she did not believe a single word.

We will close the sad book and not now tell
How the mother's heart ached and did swell,
Until she thought of death kindly and wished he had took
Her baby away whom he had himself booked.

Oh, hear not the sad, sad call,
Of the mother who mourned at the fall
Of all her hopes, her son was dead;
Why did not death take the baby instead?

Death can see farther than mothers can,
And why should they now fight his great plan?
Death is more kind than fate; yes, he
Saves many from falling, he sets them free.

SHADOWS.

Shadows are falling, but let them there be,
Cast on the earth, but keep the heart free.
The place for the shadows are under the tree,
Where the sun cannot reach, and not even see
The shadows that fall on the path if they be,
Cast by another, through it you can see.
If you have the light in your heart it will show
How you should walk, and where you should go.

If there was no sunlight, there would be no shade
Unless it was night and the moon it had made.
There is not a shadow that can get between
The light in the heart unless sin be the screen.
Keep your heart free that a light you may show
On the path of another who has felt the warm glow.
The shadow that's cast on a path by a tree,
It gives forth refreshment that one here can see.

The days are not always from shadows free,
Neither, indeed, should they all be.
But oftentimes there falls a shadow and rain
That the roots by it may some strength gain.
The shadows and rain the tree do not kill,
'Tis only disease in the heart can this fill.
So it is in this life with you and with me,
It cannot affect the life if the heart be free.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Yesterday is passed, to-day is here,
And to-morrow may be filled with doubt and fear.
We did little yesterday, and still less to-day,
But to-morrow we expect our strength to outlay.

Yesterday was something we had in our grasp,
To-day we are trying something to clasp.
To-morrow is something we hope to gain,
Tho' our hopes may be like the past all slain.

If yesterday was spent in labor and care,
To-day we may work without doubt or fear.
To-morrow we expect something to gain,
That will pay us for all labor and pain.

We need not fear, for yesterday is past,
It is for the future that hope has been cast.
We sowed the seed yesterday, we tend it to-day,
To-morrow we reap, then store it away.

FRIENDS.

You say that friends are always true,
But ofttimes I have tried,
For to discover the place
Where it's securely tied.
Now every time yet,
It was just on one side;
And as long as you pull straight
The knot will stay tied.

Friendship is a bow-knot
And love is another,
When speaking about one,
A sister or brother,
As long as the bow-knot
Is kept in his place,
It will hold right through
All the rough chase.

The enemies may strike,
And the bullets may send,
But the bow holds fast,
And will to the end;
The folks standing round
Have often tried
This cord to undo,
And those to divide.

It is only a friend
That can all foes outride,
So he puts on his garb
And strolls up beside,
For he knows very well
Which side to take.
He knows all about it,
He knows of the make.

For many such bows
He has made for the sake
Of just trying his skill
Some interest to awake.
He comes forth with tears,
And speaks of his grief;
He enters the heart
And seeketh some relief.

O what harm can I do
In one that's so kind?
So in his false garb
A way he doth find
To unfasten the bow-knot
That seemed so secure,
He poisoned the mind
Of those once so pure.

There never was a bow-knot
In this false world below,
But if the right cord was pulled
Away it would go.

So you need not feel sure
Of a friendship most dear,
As long as there is sin
Danger lurks near.

So watch your friends kindly,
And you may awake
Just in time for to see
The right road to take.
Treat them the same
Tho' stand all alone,
Lean not on him,
Tho' trust he has shown.

There would not be
So many falls made
If one would do right
And not seek the shade.
Stand on your own feet;
It is better if small
Than to trust to others
And then get a fall.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP NEVER ENTWINE.

The poet thinks he could love take,
And twine it round with friendship's make,
And thus the two be bound together,
That no hand could them quite sever.

I know that love and friendship true
Would make a garment fair to view,
The world would stop its rush to take
A garland of such brilliant make.

Friendship like steel has oft been tried,
But can it ever the fire abide?
The fire can by a steady glow
Sharpen the steel a dagger to show.

And love will not forever last,
Unless some food is to it cast,
For it can gain no strength from steel,
But it will soon the coldness feel.

Now if you have a friend most dear,
Away from the fire forever steer;
Do not try it in a furnace to prove,
Tho' you may sometimes, yes, try love.

And it is best if you have the two,
Is to keep each one from the other's view,
For if you try them together to blend,
You may them both forever rend.

FALLING PETALS.

Sometimes we wish that spring would last
 All through the long year,
But when we think of the fruit
 That would never then appear,
We give up the flowers with a sigh,
 For we know that they cannot last,
They must wither and perish—
 They must to the ground be cast.

O! it is not the flowers of spring,
 'Tis only their beauty that's passed,
The flowers cling there yet,
 'Tis only the petals that's cast.
So may the good in our life
 Remain, tho' our youth is dead;
May it live forever in the heart
 And not like the petals be shed.

May the life yield forth a supply
 Of good things for others to enjoy,
And not be stored away in the heart,
 And kept there itself to destroy.
We know that the spring flowers are sweet,
 But the fruit that the tree doth bear
It is prized more highly by all,
 Tho' the flowers be brilliant and fair.

THE MOONBEAMS.

Someone has said they wish the moon,
Would rise at the close of day,
That there would be no dark night
To lead so many astray.
Who knows at first but what the moon
Rose as the sun went down;
Before the world received the curse,
Or cast on its frown.

Perhaps the moon rose in the East,
To shed its mellow rays,
That all the world might find sweet rest,
After the glorious day.
Perhaps the moon looked down, yes, then,
To guard the sleepers who lay
So peacefully there on nature's breast,
While the boughs o'er them did sway.

The earth must have been ashamed
Of the working of its way;
That the sun should see its crimes
All through the bright, warm day.
And as it could not reach
The glorious orb on high,
It cast its shadow on
The orb the nearest by.

And I suppose the moon is glad
That it don't have to see

All the crimes that man commit,
O, no! it was set free.
And it is only one night in thirty
That it doth stand on guard,
And watches through the long night
Over forest, home and sward.

And what the moon sees in one night
Would cause the world to blush,
Their career would be quite checked,
They would proclaim a hush.
And if the moon could see,
Without its own light shining,
It would find in many homes
A skeleton reclining.

The moonlight time is sweet,
With its soft and mellow ray,
But it cannot lessen crime,
Like the sun's bright glorious ray.
The lurking foe can find
A shadow near the way,
Where the traveler passes in the night,
And there in secret slay.

Don't trust to the moonbeams,
Wait for the sun to shine,
That you may know the path to tread,
And where you should recline.

Do not stop by the wayside,
In the shadow the moon has made,
For sin and crime is ever
Lurking in the shade.

The moon shines forth with good intent,
We do not doubt it here,
But the shadows it doth make
Are not so pure and clear.
But what we feel a dread,
That some lurking foe doth stand,
With dagger drawn to strike us through,
And grip us in his hand.

The good men here on earth,
Have done much to light
The dark places on life's road,
They show us what is right.
The sun shines through the day,
The moon cheers up the night ;
But, O ! where is the ray
That shows us what is right ?

The sun knows his course to run,
And the moon knows when to change,
But man is very ignorant,
O ! yes, is it not strange ?
The moon doth run its course,
And lets the dewdrops fall,
He is not like the sun,
Who dries the dewdrops all.

He takes not from the earth,
Tho' he gives his light to all,
He does not hide his light away,
O, no! he lets it fall.
And all the objects which it strikes
Shed forth a mellow glow,
And why is it the world don't thank,
Or to it kindness show?

The world complains of the dark night,
When the moon is hid from view,
And they have invented many lights,
That lighten up, it's true.
But you must pay for the light you get,
A shadow has been cast
About the poor who have no gold,
Their houses have all been passed.

WORK UNFINISHED.

You say that he died, his work incomplete,
Oh! who in this life has accomplished this feat?
All the great men who died without fear,
Left their work unfinished that another might share;
Not that another can his place here fill,
But the trial is worthy all patience and skill.

Those who are idle are the ones who get through,
But the workers have always something to do.
All history of the past has never yet shown
That a great man has finished, that his work is all done.
He may climb upward, and in fame be high,
But his work is unfinished, tho' he's in the sky.

The seed he has sown will sprout and here grow,
And those he has planted the fruit will soon show.
The seed that was scattered by the good in their haste
May be cultured and nourished by those who are chaste.
We cannot here be the beginning of all good,
For others have labored and for righteousness stood.

The thing for us here is to labor to attain,
A height that others will strive here to gain;
Let our footsteps be traced by what we have won,
May the light from Heaven show our work is well done.
May others not fear to take up the thread
That fell from our hand, tho' we should be dead.

SELF IN THE WAY OF GOOD.

Self is a monster who lives on the best
There is in the heart and destroys all the rest;
He is the enemy of all mankind,
He destroys the best in man that we find.

O! watch for him ever and shoot him through,
For he is an enemy of all, yes, and of you;
You may try to do good in one way or another,
But self he is there, he is closer than a brother.

Many have started some good on the earth,
But self slew the purpose, yes, in its birth;
Many grand armies have been in the field,
But self stepped out and made them all yield.
Love has opened many a heart door,
But self was there to destroy the store.
There can no good flourish nor grow in the heart
Where self has control—he destroys every part.

Some we knew in our youth who was kind,
They seemed to possess heart, soul and mind;
But as time passed on we saw a change,
The pure soul and heart was gone it is strange.
We looked in the place and O, there stood,
A monster, yes, self, to destroy all good.
O! who is able this monster to kill,
Come forward at once and show now your skill.

Many have tried this monster to slay,
If he was in others, but in their own heart let stay;
It is not so hard a cause to defend,
When the walls are secure the monster can't rend;
But if your enemy be inside,
You cannot in the walls then confide.
You will have to resort to some higher power,
O, yes! to the watchman who stands on the tower.

This watchman who stands up on high,
Alone can destroy self that in the heart lie.
You may think you have self under control,
You see him in others, but how is your soul?
If you had the looking-glass that points out the way,
And on your heart let fall the bright ray,
You would see yourself as others do,
This looking-glass changes entirely the view.

If one saw themselves as others do,
The monster so hideous and repulsive to view,
They would not hearken to him each day,
But they would fiercely drive him away.
No good cause in the world can grow
While self is standing fronting the row;
Destroy self and the victory you will win,
For he is the companion of all crime and sin.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS.

Twenty-one years, you say you are free
To do good or bad, which now will it be?
You have been restrained by a father's hand,
Between you and danger he always did stand.
You seem to think now you can do you own will,
Which cup will it be to the brim you will fill?

You say you are free, who did the right sign?
Your father and mother who did you entwine?
With their love they watched o'er you to see
That you walked in the right, well you are not free,
For where is the father and mother to-day,
Who gives up a son tho' in chains he now lay?

Yes, one may be twenty-one and more,
But no freedom can be felt on this drifting shore,
For the whole human family is bound together
By a cord of dependence that time cannot sever.
Age cannot this cord now rend,
But it binds it around close to the end.

PROMISES FORGOTTEN.

Promises, yes, by the world is given,
To destroy the heart and the hope of heaven,
Many, O! yes, of them I have heard,
But they were spoken only in word,
For they were forgotten or just cast
Aside as a thing that forever is passed;
But they were kept in the heart by the one who heard
And cherished and loved, yes, every word.

Time flew by and the promises still slept,
The heart grew weary, and the eyes they wept;

They become to the one who spake
Only a pastime, a dream not awake,
For they had been forgotten long ago;
They had left no trace, not a mark to show,
For the one who had spoken was gay and glad,
While the one who listened was weeping and sad.

If you have anything on earth to give,
Give it, O! yes, but not a promise let it live,
For when it parts from the lips it doth die,
Have you not seen it withering lie?
When it is past, it then becomes a joke
By most of those who a promise has spoke.
Listen to the promise that is given,
But do not cherish it, but send it up to Heaven.

The promises that are given by brothers and friends
Are as raindrops the bright clouds do send;
When the sun in shining they fall on the grass,
And wither it all when it doth pass.
If hope is in the heart promise no more,
For why should you destroy the store?
If the rain doth fall, let it come in the dark,
And not when hope shines as a bright spark.

LOVE IS DEAD.

Love is dead and buried you say,
O! show to me his grave
That I may pluck some flowers
And carry them home to save.
For love has never killed,
Tho' he pierces the heart through,
He only opens a channel
That the world may the inside view.

If one is cold and crabbed,
Love can make him over again;
He can change his tastes and habits,
If he in his heart remain.
The sweetest part of one's life
Is changed into wormwood and gall,
If love lifts them up from the earth
And then to the ground they fall.

Love shows the best there is
In the heart of the world around,
The best is shown in a life,
When true love has been found.
And if one grasp only the shadow
And does not love attain
It weakens the power for good,
It destroys the once strong brain.

Never strive for love unless
You are sure that you will win,

For many have taken a substitute
And it was proven a sin.
Love is like unto gold,
In whatever state it is found,
It is pure and untarnished,
Tho' it be on the ground.

LOVE AND AGE.

Love and age cannot keep step,
For oft I've seen it tried,
And if you wish for happiness,
Keep reason by your side.

Age tries to win love by a scheme
Of his appearing young,
But soon, alas! he finds out that
The wrong thread has been spun.

Love often finds that he's been won
By one that's aged and gray,
And when he discovers this,
He then just flies away.

Reason with age is more in step,
They much more even go
Than love who likes to run a race,
And age is found too slow.

We do not say that love will leave
One who grows old in the way,
O! no, he often likes to walk with him,
He will with him, yes, stay.

Love does not often tread the path
He once was forced to leave
One does not often get the chance,
The same love for to grieve.

When love joins with youth,
To walk the shining road,
They are oftentimes found at the close,
Eating the same pure food.

If love joins with youth,
And they walk life's road together,
It is hard to part them,
An idle word can't sever.

MEMORY.

It is memory that brings up the past,
By it a light or a shadow is cast.
Why can we not bring forth the bright ray,
And fold up the shadows and lay them away?
For we care not to recall the things that are gone,
If they only a shadow on our pathway have thrown.

O! what would the joys of to-day now be,
If no shadows in the background we could see;

It is memory that stands in the race to-day,
And waives forth the past our joys to slay;
We now recall the past that is dead,
We weep, O! yes, for the joys that are fled.

Sweet memory of joys that are now past,
Are like the bright rays from the sunbeams cast;
Over the path we trod in our youth,
To give us courage to work, yes, in truth;
To hide the dark hours of the past,
With the memory of joys that will ever last.

Down to old age memory doth show,
A joy that youth is unable to know;
Youth may have passed hurriedly by,
Old age now reflects on the past with a sigh;
In youth many things pass as a dream,
While in old age it really doth seem.

Love may come but refuse to stay,
But memory recalls the bright day;
If time has made on the brow,
His footprints we see now;
Memory can chase them away,
When it recalls love's bright warm day.

There would be no joy, old age to cheer,
If memory did not the feeble mind clear;
And bring to its view the pleasures of youth,
That no one can claim but the person in truth;
There would be but little joy here to claim,
If memory did not repeat it again.

TIME FOR GHOSTS.

The midnight hour is the time they say,
That ghosts do prowl around;
They come when silence is felt,
And there is not a sound.

But if I was one I would not come
When everything was still,
For I love to hear the katydid
And the old whippoorwill.

The sweetest hour I have found yet
Is the hour after the sun's gone down,
Before the moon has shown his face
To still the day birds song.
I love to hear the voices blend,
Of the night birds and the day;
For their voices bring back joys that are past,
And drive all gloom away.

Now if you think you see a ghost,
As the evening shadows fall;
Do not disturb him with your voice,
Do not aloud then call.
But stop and listen now yourself,
For you may hear the sweet call;
That has attracted the wanderer back,
From the mansions so pure and tall.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

You need not speak of love to me,
For my heart long ago fled,
And dwelleth now in the deep blue sea,
Among the silent dead.

Why should I seek to bring it back,
Among the living to show
A skeleton of what it was,
When love in it did glow?

I have not yet forgotten,
The memory crowdeth still,
Into my life it leaves no place,
That it cannot now fill.

It was not only love that held,
Our hearts together then,
O! no, it was a friendship dear,
The truest that ever has been.

And since he left me that bright day,
Across the sea to sail,
The sea has never yet forgot,
To send me a sad wail.
For it must know it doth conceal,
A treasure it shall give,
Back to the one who waits on shore,
That they together may live.

PROMISES.

O! yes, I lived on promises,
I know the scanty store;
You need not offer them to me,
O! no, not ever more.

For ofttimes I wondered how,
I would keep from begging bread;
While working hard all through the day,
Hungry I went to bed.

And if you're fed on promises,
As long as I have been;
You would find out how light they are,
Of eating only them.

I thought at first they tasted well,
But they much lighter grew;
As time passed the other side,
Was turned more square to view.

There is no strength in promises,
They have been used by all
That's born of Adam's race;
Yes, ever since the fall.

It is not strange that each one has,
To take a bite or more,
Before they will believe,
Just what is fed to the poor.

WE KNOW NOT LOVE.

When love first appears we do not know,
Whether it is true or merely a show;
It is like the flowers that bloom in the morn,
When the sun appears its beauty is all gone;
Or does it still last through trouble and care,
And still cling on till the fruit doth appear?

We know not which it will prove to be,
Tho' the flower is bright the fruit we must see;
It may appear bright as gold to the view,
But when it is tried is the weigh, yes, there too?
The eyes may sparkle, in youth it may glow,
But in old age doth truth in them show.

Was the youth thus spent in virtue tho' gay,
That beauty may remain tho' the hair is now gray;
We admire the flowers that bloom forth in youth,
But much more we love the fruit, yes, in truth;
We know not what the flowers may prove,
But we know the joy and pleasures of love.

NEW YEAR.

I've oftentimes wondered why New Year
Comes forth in the winter cold,
And why it does not come in the spring
When the flowers do unfold.
Perhaps it comes when the night is cold
And the days are dark and drear;
The bells are ringing now for you,
O! listen, can't you hear.

There is so much to claim our thoughts,
When spring doth open wide,
That we perhaps would quite forget
New Year tho' he stood by our side.
But when the nights are cold and chill,
And the days seem dark and drear,
We welcome New Year to our heart,
We offer him good cheer.

The New Year does not bring the flowers,
As spring is sure to do;
But he offers to us hopes,
He spreads it out to view.
And Hope oftentimes gives more joy,
Than something that we gain;
Tho' it's in the future still,
And may there ever remain.

And when we think it o'er,
We are glad it comes in the cold;

For it can warm us somewhat,
When its message is once told.
The prospect of what is before,
Leads us far out to view;
What is ahead of me and mine,
And what's ahead of you.

O! could our hearts forget the ache,
And try some good to do;
That we might find our heart is grown,
Like the old year, yes, new!
We need not wait till the closing year
Has said the last goodbye,
For before the New Year comes again
Many will surely die.

Good resolutions live as well,
If sown in the summer hour;
As if they were stowed away,
And kept for New Year's shower.
The best thing is to sow good seed,
Each day let some be cast;
For we know not which will yield the fruit,
Until the harvest is passed.

LOVE AND HONOR.

You say you are bound by love that he
Has tied the cord and you are not free;
You are not surely in his power,
Or you would not regret the hour
When love with his little sword did slay,
And bind you for another day.

Its only when love is quite gone,
One feels the power that he hath shown,
And seeks to break the band away
That honor holds around to-day;
Its only when one seeks to sever
That love proves his absence ever.

Love has the power to seek and slay,
And pierce the heart, yes, every day;
But he has not the power to bind
The heart, O ! no, it is not confined;
'Tis honor that should hold on fast,
When love is, yes, forever past.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

Trust in the Lord, He will provide,
Tho' storms assail you and the rough tide;
Try you severely your faith to shake,
Trust in the Lord and He will make
You firmer and firmer, yes, each day,
That you for his cause your strength may outlay.

Your father and mother may you forsake,
But the Lord He is willing forever to take
You away from your troubles and keep
You secure tho' you sail over the deep;
You may not be conscious that He is beside,
That He is present and will provide.

But why should we not remember that He
Gave forth His promise and it will be
Fulfilled for our good in His own way,
And why should we not on his promise stay,
For now we have His word for our guide,
And we know most assuredly that He will provide.

THE ROSE ALL ALONE.

You speak of the rose that bloometh alone,
When all its companions are faded and gone;
You seem to think how in life you would feel
If all your kind friends should away from you steal,
And leave you alone in this world below,
Where there was none to share the love glow.

O! do not shake from it its petals so fair,
Tho' all its companions lie silently there;
Those who have fallen have finished their work,
And why should this one from duty shirk;
O! let it cling on to the rose bush who bear,
The seed of the fallen who lie scattered there.

There may be some triumph tho' shadowed with grief,
Felt by the last rose who sheds forth relief,
To those who have suffered on the journey of life,
To those who have fallen mid trials and strife;
Pass on and leave it, O! let it alone,
Do not shatter all hope for truth it has shown.

PLIGHTED TROTH.

We stood on the banks of a flowing stream,
And plighted our troth together;
We thought no earthly power could change,
That no human hand could sever.
We looked out o'er the flowing stream,
And laid our plans, yes, there!
We did not think the tide would turn,
Or the weather be but fair.

We didn't know the earth is made,
Of false and shifting sand;
We didn't know which way to turn,
Or were on the ground to stand.
One day we feel we are rooted deep,
In faith, hope and love,
And then the next the vision gone
In other fields to rove.

We need not feel secure to stand,
While here on earth we live;
Tho' love is to us offered free,
And we to love do give.
Not that love is changing ever,
And do not ofttimes leave;
But the human heart is frail,
And love it tries to deceive.

And thus it was to us that day,
As on the bank we stood;
We had deceived ourselves, O ! yes,
We thought each other good.
We see it clear to-day,
As the tide rolls on between;
And thus divided us here on earth,
As the world has often seen.

LOVE AS A DREAM.

You speak of love as if 'twas a dream,
That would soon pass away;
You speak of love as if it was a stream,
That would flow and not stay.
You speak of love as if it left,
Its building here to decay;
To be a dwelling for owls and bats,
A place where the serpents stay.

How has love treated you?
That you think him to-day a crank,
That is tramping the earth o'er,
Just to play on it a prank.
Do you think he would build a palace rare,
And deck it with jewels and gold;
If he did not expect to dwell,
Among the wealth untold?

You need not think you will drive him from
His dwelling in the heart;
You may shoot your poisoned daggers, yes,
But they will pierce your heart.
You need not think you can him kill,
And prepare your poisoned dart;
For when he sees you at him aim,
He just holds up your heart.

'Tis true he ofttimes leaves the heart,
But he has not been killed;
He only left for lack of room,
The best part had been filled.
Love is much wiser than you think,
For he has a place prepared;
Before he quits his dwelling here,
That his own hands have reared.

And if you wish for him to stay,
With you all through life;
Defend him on every hand,
And keep out sin and strife .
Love does not leave his palace rare,
He has decked with his own hand;
Tho' you think his adornings are,
But footprints in the sand.

Love is patient, yes, we find,
That he tries in the heart to stay;

But his dwelling-place is not where,
Deception can live each day.
If he has but a cottage here,
He will not murmur or complain;
If you keep the rooms all white,
Free from the serpent's stain.

THE FATHER'S WANDERING BOY.

Oh! where is my boy to-night?
We hear the father call.
Oh! where is my boy to-night?
We hear the mother's echo fall.
Is he far out in sin to-day?
Is he too far for a call?
Can he not hear the loud, sweet voice?
Is he too old to fall?

Now father still repeat your words,
Still far your son now call;
He may not be out of your reach,
You may save him 'ere he fall.
Your son may be tired of sin,
He may eat husks for bread;
So lift your voice louder still,
Before he is quite dead.

Oh! where is my boy to-night?
We hear a voice low;
The father is more aged grown,
And his steps more feeble go.
Now he calls for his wandering boy,
Who went many years ago;
The boy went in anger then,
Why can't he love now show?

The father forgot long ago,
The angry words he said,
That drove his son away from home,
That deprived him of his bread.
The father only now recalls,
The good his son did do;
He muses over his return,
He longs his face to view.

Why can't the son forget the wrong,
And remember the good alone?
Why can't he now recall,
The love his father has shown?
If he could but once now see,
His father's face so worn and sad;
He would be willing to resign his will,
To make his father glad.

A CHANCE IN LOVE.

Oh! when you speak of love to me,
It makes me, yes, now smile;
For I know it is like the troubled sea,
It is changing all the while.
I do not charge you with deceit,
For in your eyes I see;
An earnestness I can't resist.
Oh! where can I now flee?

If one can hide from love's sharp glance,
As he is passing by;
They can walk out in the full glare,
And not from him then fly.
For he was never known to turn
Out of his course or way,
To capture one who likes to hide,
Not even him to slay.

We do not find him wandering around,
Trying his steps to retrace;
There is always something bright ahead,
For him each day to chase.
And if we let him pass to-day,
We can follow in his wake;
But struggle as we may,
We cannot him o'ertake.

Oh! hush, there is another love,
That is now passing by;
You need not weep for the one,
You need not for him sigh.
For many loves there be,
Traveling the same road;
Have I not seen them passing,
As there in safety I stood.

So sing and be happy to-day,
Let love pass if he will;
For another will come who is able,
The place in your heart to fill.
Love is just as bright in the future,
As it can be in the past;
Love is sure to leave,
A shadow is somewhere cast.

THE WORLD'S CONCEALMENT.

If the world but knew its own heart grief,
It would be willing to seek for relief;
But the joy of the world is to conceal,
The grief and pain it doth now feel;
It is not willing itself should know,
How deep in the heart the wound doth go.

The world like a bird seems happy and gay,
While the nest is shattered and on the ground lay ;
The world seems to know its heart in a way,
That's why it appears so light and so gay ;
It knows if it shows to itself its own grief,
I could not expect from itself a relief.

Is it not best to appear in the lead,
And not to one's self a failure concede ;
The victories half won when the general doth know,
That he is quite able to conquer his foe ;
And if we but knew we could often gain,
The battle that's lost on life's rugged plain.

The world is not what it seemeth to be,
And why should we try through the veil now to see ;
For we see quite enough to darken the way,
If we did not expect in the future to see a bright ray ;
And the thought in our heart that the world don't know,
Keeps us a trying the laurels to show.

UNTRUE LOVE.

You need not nurture in your heart,
A love that is so cold,
That it has to be warmed,
Within your garment's fold.

You need not welcome to your heart,
A love that comes in the night;
For true love never gropes about,
He comes in the morning light.

Love does not knock at man's heart now,
As the poet said he did;
Oh! no, he has the key himself,
And he just opens the lid.
Wealth has a key, its true,
And ofttimes he doth gain
An entrance to the outward court,
But can he the whole heart claim?

Many are satisfied here to dwell,
With what wealth can give;
Oh! it is nice, I'm sure,
To here in grandeur live.
They can live quite happily,
If love they will but shun;
But if they glance into his face,
Their joy will be undone.

You need not try to outdo love,
For many have this found;
He travels o'er the foaming sea,
And plans all hopes to ground.
He likes to face his enemies,
And see them cowardly bend;
He likes to take their heart,
And by his power rend.

He laughs at many towers that stand,
Which armies have tried to storm;
He knows if he was in command,
He would take them by his arm.
For he has never failed to gain,
A battle when he tried;
Tho' he has fought on many fields,
And many true hearts have died.

He never takes his captives,
And binds them in disgrace;
Oh! no, he gives them his best robe,
And illumes their smiling face.
We know his subjects that we meet,
Tho' in a foreign land;
Their companionship is sweet,
They are a home born band.

LOVE IS NOT LAID AWAY.

Love is unlike a garment fair,
That's worn and laid away;
And then brought forth again,
As bright as the first day.

Love travels through many climes,
And halts at every door;
But when he is driven far away,
He goes back never more.

When love has passed out of sight,
A traveler follows in his wake,
A skeleton of love himself,
And tries a home to make.

He binds himself with laws strong chain,
And law alone can sever;
But love is free from all restraint,
And will be free forever.

He does not bring the garments out,
That have been soiled and worn;
He never robes himself again,
In garments falsehood has torn.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

The blue and the gray
In battle array,
Met on the field
All friendship to slay.
The hatred had grown
So large and so great,
That nothing but war
Could change now the fate.

The sword was drawn
And death he there stood,
To bind up the wounds;
O! yes, if he could.
And he bound up the wounds
Of many who lay,
Who men in their strength
And power did slay.

The fight it was not
To the death as we see,
For the wound it was there
When the victim was free.
The earth it did open
Its mouth wide to take,
Back to its bosom
Those of its make.

Many who joined
With the blue and the gray,
Fell to the earth
In that bloody fray.
They received the wound
That stilled the warm heart,
And left in the living
An aching part.

Time he is trying
With his bandage to bind,
Up the old wounds
But death is more kind.
It is him, yes, alone,
Lay the blue and the gray,
In the cold grave
To mingle with the clay.

The wounds in the heart
Of the blue and the gray,
Tho' they keep it from sight
And hide it away.
Each do now fight
For our flag, yes, to sway,
Over our land,
The blue and the gray.

Time he is turning
The clods on them all,

Those who did stand
And those who did fall.
There each must rest
In silence, yes, wait,
Those who did love,
And those who did hate.

But may the old earth
Take back to its sod,
All that is not
For the glory of God.
And may the deep wound
Be truly healed,
That each heart may
To God's love then yield.

THE SHEPHERD'S CARE.

There were ninety and nine in the shepherd's fold,
Who had never went astray,
But one was out on the mountain cold,
He had wandered far away.

The shepherd viewed his flock,
And saw that one was gone;
He searched among the mountains rough,
Until he found the one.

The shepherd found the wanderer,
Out on the mountain side;
That overlooked the shepherd's fold,
Not beyond the rough divide.

If you now wish to wander out,
Beyond the shepherd's care;
Keep on the side where you can see,
Back to the fold's bright cheer.

For if you get far out of sight,
Across the sin divide;
You will be carried out of reach,
By desire's strong rushing tide.

OTHER LOVES.

The Lord loves his land,
And the miser he, too,
Loves his gold which he stores
Away from the view.
The hunter he loves
His horse, yes, most dear,
Who carries him on the chase
Without doubt or fear.

And the hounds they, too,
Do their own part;
They claim a place
In the hunter's heart.

And the bugle blast
Sends forth a thrill,
To the soldier's heart,
He loves it still.
As he marches forth
In battle array,
As if all danger
Under his feet lay.
Each one has here
A love to claim,
In honors high
Or low in shame.

All men have, yes,
A hobby race;
Some times they are
Quite out of place.
And when they have
Them run to earth,
Perhaps 'tis then
Love's brought to birth.
And they awake
And see their loss,
They see that self
Their path doth cross.

The huntsman likes
A jolly sound,
And the bugle has
No rival found.
Until love's dear hand
Doth touch the heart,
And bring to life
The sleeping part.
The eyes are open
Then so wide,
They see the other
Loves have died.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

Look not into my eyes lest I
Should show what under the surface lie;
You may have there some sin to hide,
So do not open them so wide.
For they are windows that doth show,
The hidden part the world don't know;
The eyes have many things to tell,
And they who know the language well,
Are not so easy led astray
By those who point another way.

The tongue has many languages to express
The words that suit the purpose best,
But the eyes have tried in vain
Another language to obtain.
But on every land and every shore,
The language is repeated o'er.
If I love I know the chance,
If in the eyes I can but glance ;
And if the tongue seems to speak plain,
I look into the eyes the truth to gain.

The eyes must be a looking-glass given,
To show if the owner is striving for heaven ;
You can look through them to the heart,
They reveal the most secret part.
Keep the heart pure that the eyes may show,
A conscience free as heaven's bright glow ;
The eyes have a consciousness and they tell
What they feel that the world doth know so well.
Their language is clear, for they close the door,
That you may not look just once more ;
Many languages have been misused,
But the language of the eyes cannot be abused .

WHAT WILL WE GIVE.

When love has decided his leave for to take,
What will we not bring his purpose to break;
What do we offer him the best in life we give,
If he will change his mind and still in our home live?
But when he has made a step does he go
Back to the old point, I tell you here, no
Tho' he may stop and stand still,
He will not go back and the same place fill.

The world should have learnt this long, long ago,
As we view the world does not this truth show;
You may clip love's wings to prevent the escape,
But in his place you will find but an ape.
For it is the freedom that love doth wear,
That makes him so charming to court everywhere;
If you bind him with a chain that you may keep
Him while you take your rest in sleep.

If you expect your love here to stay,
Do not bind him or he will flee away;
Flee he, yes, far over the foam,
Of the bright sea to another home,
Where he will rest secure from view,
Where you had thought that you would go too;
But now somewhere on the other side,
He revels with another bride.

SEEKING HAPPINESS.

I wandered up and down,
'Mid the joys and pleasures of life;
Seeking for those who were happy,
Anxious to enter the strife.
I asked of those who I met,
If they were happy to-day;
Some smiled at me, and said no,
But in the future it lay.

The children are looking ahead,
When they are grown and free;
And then they would show to the world,
How happy they could be.
And those who were grown had found,
That happiness was still ahead;
And forth in the race they joined,
But happiness still forward sped.

I asked the poor about happiness,
He looked around and said,
If I had the money of my neighbor,
Happiness itself would be shed.
I would travel all around and see,
What I could do for the poor;
I would never refuse to give,
And not a beggar turn from my door.

I called on the neighbor thus named,
Anxious him for to meet;
He looked annoyed when I entered,
But asked me to take a seat.
I told him of how I heard,
That the blessing was showered each day;
That he could afford to lounge,
That happiness with him did stay.

He smiled at my words and said,
The world did not the heart know;
It only sees the outside,
It only looked at the show.
For he was striving each day,
To find an easy place
Where he could be happy away
From trouble that him did chase.

If you wish to be happy each day,
Riches cannot it give;
I have seen it tried by many,
Who in this cold world live.
Yes, many are happy we meet,
Many who seem gay and glad;
But they alone do know
That the heart is grieved and sad.

Now we will pass the world by,
And rejoice with those who are gay;
And hope for a happiness ahead,
Yes, in some future day.

The world seems to understand,
Yes, in a general way;
It knows it is not happy,
Tho' oftentimes it doth it say.

But may each heart be glad,
With a joy that it doth know;
And by the path it leads,
May it to the world truth show.
And may each one feel that joy,
Awaits on the other side;
A happiness true and lasting,
Where no sin can it divide.

THE NEW YEAR.

What do the bells mean
A ringing here to-night,
Are they all so happy
At the old year's flight?
Or is it that they are glad
That the New Year has in view,
Prospects so bright
That the past is hid from view.

I listened to the bells,
To me they seem to say;
In the midst of their joy,
They bring memory to play.

Of joys that are past,
That left with the year;
Only memory, alas!
The cold heart to cheer.

The bells speak of youth,
But the heart is now sad;
Because the New Year
Seems happy and glad,
That the old year is dead,
And passed out of sight,
As he lay in his bed,
For cold was the night.

The old year was once
As bright, yes, and gay,
As the New Year is now—
But youth will not stay.
Old age is forever
Cast, yes, aside,
When youth in his prime
Steps forth by his side.

Old age has learned,
By experienced here,
That the place for him
Is in the ground so drear.
Oh! let the life go,
When the heart is dead,
Why should we grieve
Or tears o'er it shed.

We know that the New Year
Shows forth its best,
But in one short year
He will sleep with the rest.
We will cast him aside,
As we do now the dead;
And look to another
That opens ahead.

SILENCE.

Silence is something
That all, yes, can hear,
It striketh all dumb;
The brave it do fear.
The dumb man can face,
The noise and the din;
And fear but little—
But silence strikes him.

The soldier dreads not
The noise and rush,
But it is after the battle,
O! yes, 'tis the hush;

A REMEMBRANCE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Softly shone thy lustrous eyes
On that silent summer night,
Softly on my wakened heart,
Thrilling into love and light,
Though from the near mountain's height
The shadows wrapt us solemnly.

Faintly fell the tremulous tones
From thy sweet lips coyly won,—
Dropping with the liquid lull
Of low rivulets, by the sun
Courted from the woodlands dun,
Into pastures glad and free.

Through the mazes of deep speech
Wandered we, absorbed—apart—
On the mingled flood of thought
Drawing nigh each other's heart—
Till we felt the pulses start
Of a mystic sympathy.

Ah! those brief, harmonious hours!
When their wingéd music fled,
Discord through all voices ran,
And the universe seemed dead,
Only, moaning o'er its bed,
I heard the low, pathetic sea.

LIFE.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he wends;
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.—*Southey.*

down senseless by the concussion.
to the surprise of all, he spoke as fluently as any
body, and heard and answered all questions put to
him, and is, up to this time, retailing language
out in large doses.

But

H

We

A

Anc

T

In this city, by Rev. John Duncan, Mr. Edward A. Kennard, of Elliott, Me., to Miss Susan M. Borden, of Cornwallis, N. S.

By Rev. Chandler Robbins, Mr. Wm. C. Reeves to Miss Annie M. Trainer, both of Boston.

By Rev. George M. Preston, of Medford, Mr. G. H. Ricker to Miss Annie E. Libby, both of Boston.

By Rev. Phineas Stowe, Mr. Antonio E. Ceballor, of Havana, Cuba, to Miss Mary C. Dyer, of Lewiston, Me.

By Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Charles H. Bannister to Miss Margaret L. Black, all of Boston.

By Rev. Wm. C. High, Mr. Charles W. Howe to Miss Amanda M. Bartlett.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Nathan J. Kendall to Miss Sophia C. Freeman.

In Roxbury, Francis B. Perkins to Susan M. Huntington, all of R.

In Medford, by Rev. Theodore Tibbetts, Thatcher Magoun, Jr., to Miss Harriett Lombard Norcross.

Sil

DEATHS.

In this city, Charles W., child of Eben and Almira C. Flagg, 10 mos. 5 days.

Mrs. Lavinia Bassett, 46.

In Chelsea, Mrs. Ann Pickford, wife of Henry Pickford, 30 yrs. 6 mos.

In Medway, Mrs. Sarah P. Sanford, wife of Rev. D. Sanford, of M., 57.

In Ashfield, Mr. Samuel W. Hall, 59.

In Wayland, Mrs. Fannie J. Gates of Boston, 80.

In Easthampton, Mr. Luther Wright, 85.

In New-Haven, Conn., Mr. Adams Foster, formerly of Boston, 68.

In Detroit, Anna Whittelsey, daughter of Francis H. and Ellen C. Clapp, 4 yrs.

At sea, on board the steamer Sonora, on the passage to San Francisco, Joseph A. Wilson, of Marblehead, 27.

Bu

O!

That pierces more deep
Than the sword can go,
O! yes, it is silence
The soldier doth know.

O! yes, it is silence
After the fight,
That strikes to the heart
When the sun shows the light.
O! yes, the monuments
Over the graves stand,
In silence, but it
Respect doth demand.

If silence cannot
In the heart awake,
A desire for good
It doth the soul take.
The living may strive,
The wayward to gain;
But O! it is silence
That wrappeth the chain.

The wicked rush on
In their wild desire,
But death he kindles
In silence the fire.
That lays them away
In earth for to rest,
In silence together,
The wicked and blest.

O! yes, when the silence
Of the grave has been broke,
And in one moment
The word has been spoke;
That calls forth those
Who in silence sleep.
Will they be glad,
Or will they then weep?

PURPOSES.

When we start on life's journey,
Purposes on every hand,
Grand and noble appear,
But O! how weak is our hand.
We think we will accomplish
Something we can show,
With pride to the world around us,
That they may our purpose know.

But little by little hope fadeth,
Purposes one by one show;
Until we grow weary of trying,
And just let the whole thing go.
Why should we grow careless,
Why should we drift far away,
From that which is noble and true,
Why should truth from us stray?

If we fail in a purpose to-day,
We should be more determined to win;
And never grow weary of trying,
To conquer ourself and our sin.
We should have a purpose and never
Stop short of the prize here to win,
But let each step count upward,
And the heart have no place for a sin.

THE FLAG OF LIBERTY.

We all love the flag that doth unfurl
To the breezes blowing high,
And we will not see it cast to the ground
There in disgrace to lie
For it speaks of freedom which cost
The lives of our fathers who are gone,
And left behind them memories so sweet
It hums in our heart a sweet song.

It thrills our heart its glory to see,
Its danger to the same doth give,
A strength that is mighty our foes do know,
Those who escaped and now live.
And why should it not awake
The best in our heart to show,
That the same blood runs in our veins
That awaked in our fathers the glow.

They gave their life blood to rear
It up in honor to wave,
And now should we let it fall
And be buried in the cold silent grave.
O! no, we will keep it afloat
As long as our men are so brave,
That they cannot be bought with gold,
Nor whipped like a coward or slave.

OLD AGE UNWELCOME.

Go back old age, we do not ask
That you to our bower should come;
We had rather you would go away,
In some other clime seek a home.
We know that you doth bring
Wisdom, O! yes, its your store,
But we had rather rest in peace
Than open to you the door.

For old age will surely steal,
When he is welcomed in;
He takes away the rosy cheeks,
And furrows them with sin.

He steals away the life,
The warm heart's blood, too;
He takes away the sparkling eye,
And darkens the bright view.

We ofttimes chase him when we are young,
And he doth from us fly;
And when sweet youth has passed,
We in his power lie.
We ofttimes think that life would be
A glorious path to tread,
If we could drive old age away
And bury him with the dead.

RELEASE.

You ask for your release to-night,
But you wish my heart to bind
Around with a cord of friendship,
But love cannot thus be entwined.
When the tie of love is broken
It falls to the ground so low,
That it cannot be grafted again
And there in purity grow.

You need not ask for your freedom,
For the cord cannot be untwined,
And then at your own pleasure
 Around some new heart it bind.
The cord it is now worthless,
 It was spun by falsehood's dream,
And now it is passed away
 As only a soft flowing stream.

It carries all things before it,
 And leaves in its pathway to grow;
Only disappointment and trouble,
 Does not its trail this show?
How many are happy and free,
 That once held the treasure of love;
But cast it aside or shatter,
 The gift that came from above?

TAKE NOT LOVE AWAY.

You ask me to return to you
 The love you did once give,
Why do you ask it of me now,
 'Tis for it I do live?

It was planted in my heart,
And it deep root did take;
And if it now was forced away,
It would my heart, yes, break.

You must have now forgotten all
The promises you gave
If I would take your love and keep,
And try its life to save.
I opened, yes, my heart so true
Without a doubt or fear;
And shielded it from outward view
And now I count it dear.

I would be more willing far,
To give my life away,
Than to be forced in this cold world
Without it here to stay.
Now if you take sweet love away,
O! take my life, yes, too;
For I would rather go far hence,
Than not have love's bright view.

THE EVENING BRIGHT PREFERRED.

There are no coluds to hide
The sun's bright morning glow,
But where, alas! will it then be,
In the evening will it show?
We cannot tell what a day will bring
Tho' the morning is most clear;
The noon may bring a storm,
Or the evening be, yes, drear.

We don't ask that all days be
Filled with a glorious light
But we wish no cloud would come
So dark as to hide the light.
We do not ask that our path may be
Smooth, yes, all the way,
But we wish the sun would show
Where the danger in secret lay.

We love the bright morning beams,
That shine in the way ahead;
We wish there were no clouds so dark,
That they darken the path we tread.
But if there must be a cloud,
Let it come in our young day;
For we wish the evening to be bright,
As the sun in the west doth lay.

DECEIVE NOT LOVE.

Love travels o'er the world to find
A heart of pure desire,
And if he is deceived,
After he has kindled the fire,
He quickly withdraws the glow
And leaves the heart to die,
And oftentimes to the ways of sin
The heart doth quickly fly.

The heart deprived of love
Trys its skill to meet
Temptation in the way
But, O ! it is defeat.
'Tis love alone that is able
The tempter's power to withstand,
That is why we oftentimes find
Many with sin's strong band.

You need not try to avenge
Your heart by doing wrong,
For it would cause Satan to laugh
And sing his jolliest song.
For oftentimes one is deceived
When they think that love doth awake
In their heart a warm glow,
For Satan this privilege takes.

TRUE FRIENDS.

The friends that are dear
Are the ones we retain,
They will forever
In the heart, yest, remain.
Their memory each day
Do in our heart wake
A joy that the living
Can not from us take.

We know where to find them,
We know where they be;
As spirits who roam
O'er the earth, they are free.
We know not how dear
A friend here can be,
Until he is dead,
Then his goodness we see.

To-day if we knew
The friends that now live
Were as true as the dead,
We could to them give
The love we have kept
In store to cast
On the graves of the dead
Who were true to the last.

LOVE PRANKS.

Love in his youth is somewhat blind,
But in old age he has lost his mind;
This is what the world doth know
From what it sees on the earth below;
But sometimes one can lead the blind,
If they will be so good and kind;
But you may try in vain to change
The wanderings of a mad man's brain.

Love in youth doth make one smile
To see him all the world beguile;
The young who knoweth not his ways
Are charmed by him and offer praise.
One who has this charm once known
Should in wisdom be more grown,
But what do we instead now find,
A wandering of the once strong mind.

Those who have won love's garb in youth
Should not enjoy his rode in truth,
That they did cast aside to gain
Some money or a note of fame.
Sometimes I think love gives them one
To wear awhile just for the fun,
And when they think the robe is on
Love grabs it from them and is gone.

WISHES.

I wish the days were always bright,
And the sun in glory shine;
I wish the good would walk in light,
And not to sin incline.

I wish there was no storms to cloud
The sun's bright glorious ray;
I wish the light would be so bright
That it would show the way.

I wish that all the storms would come
When darkness hovers round;
I wish that all the horrid things
Were buried in the ground.

I wish we could all stormy days
From memory's page erase;
I wish we could write something there
More glorious in its place.

DEATH.

You say that death is always cold,

His hand no power can stay.

He is a cruel monarch bold,

A tyrant every day.

Why do you so severely judge

The ruler of our land

Why do you now his work advance

That give him most command?

You say he comes when the world looks bright,

And takes his victims from

Among the gay and young and light;

He takes the workers strong.

He often leaves the poor and frail,

Who would yield to him with joy,

And takes the strong and great,

As if he was a boy.

You have watched the mother dear

Bend over her dying child

With a grief no tongue can tell,

A grief so fierce and wild;

And death stood there unmoved,

With folded hands to wait,

Until the passage opened clear

And he saw the golden gate.

You speak of those whose work is done,

Of those who are willing to go;

And ask why death does wait so long,
Why don't he kindly show?
Oh, death has all his tickets sold,
And marked up to a day;
So you need not rack your brain
About the working of his way.

Death is no lurking thief,
Upon your path to tread;
You sold to him your life,
When you eat the forbidden bread.
You need not say you have no blame,
When you repeat it o'er;
You do it each and every day,
What Adam did before.

The kings of earth upon their thrones
Number their subjects over;
Some count them by the thousand,
And some by millions more;
But death is quite a different king
Than those we read about,
Who face their enemies on the field,
And drive them forth and out.

Those kings have many friends,
Where bounty they bestow;
They tax their subjects for their gains,
And this their subjects know.

They hold a rod in their righ hand,
And make the people fear;
They use their power on every hand,
But death stops their career.

The rich who oppress the poor,
And cause so much distress;
When death comes them to claim,
Will find them as the rest.
They may him try to bribe,
By offering him their gold;
But he will not turn aside
For riches yet untold.

The wicked when they meet
Death in their path ahead,
They ask him to delay,
Tho' not a word he said.
They promise many things
To death if will wait,
And not hurry them away
To that uncertain state.

And sometimes death
To them will give a chance
To mend their way before
They hear the word advance.
But, oh! how many there are now,
Who gave a promise when

They had tried the medicine
And all the skill of men.

The doctors have studied hard,
They can diseases fight;
They call to those around,
And hail all those in sight.
But where are all those medicine men
A few years later found?
Oh! they, too, are fallen
And buried in the ground.

The preacher, too, hath tried to gain
A hearing from the world;
They hollow out and tell about
A flag that is unfurled.
They tell you how you death can rob,
And how to gain the day;
But when it all is summed up,
They, too, are buried away.

The different nations, one and all,
Have tried their power to show;
They march their armies out to fight;
They stand them in a row.
And all of them would like to have
A power here below,
That they might make their subjects kneel
And drive them to and fro.

But how glad I am to-day
That men have not the power,
That death doth claim from all,
And has claimed every hour
Since first he took the sword God gave
To him when Adam fell,
For if they had ere this,
They would have made a hell.

Death does not steal away
The good name of the past,
And then when it has gained its point,
It to disgrace has cast.
Death is more merciful by far,
Than those who have held the power ;
Who sway it themselves to please,
A pastime for the hour.

When Adam's sin was known,
And God in judgment stood ;
Death stepped forth as a helper for
In man to find some good.
He has labored long to find
When he should come to claim
Those who are in higher life,
And those who walk in shame.

This ruler we are talking about,
The monarch of this land,

Has never yet been cheated
By all the human band,
Except by Enoch and Elijah,
Who did him just outride,
And gained the farther shore,
Beyond the foaming tide.

Now if you see death coming
You need not try to run,
For he in all the battles yet
Has never been outdone.
He often takes one quicker
When they are on the wing,
Than if they met him bravely
And quietly did sing.

If death did not hold the power
To check the wild career of men;
If something had not come forth,
Oh, what would they have been?
Its only for man's good to-day
Death keeps a steady pace;
He is always in the front of them
That he may win the race.

Men try to gain a famous name,
In one way or another;
They muster forth their armies,
And death around them hovers.

Man's sense must have left this world,
And dwells far out beyond;
Does he not know in the ways of sin
Death is more easier found?

There would not be so much distress
On this cold earth below,
If men would follow what is right,
Just what they here do know.
But so many now we see,
Wandering out of the way to find
Something new and stylish,
Something more suited to the mind.

Death is the wages of sin,
And man labors every day;
And why does he cowardly shrink
When he is offered his pay?
There is no counterfeit here,
You get just what you earn.
You can offer no complaint,
Tho' the Judge is very stern.

There are many things I could say
The death sentence to defend,
But you see and know it is true,
And you will know it to the end.
Death does not do all his work in the night,
Tho' you lend him a helping hand;

He comes in the daylight, too.
Oh, can't you understand?

There is only one thing to do,
And that is the soul to save;
And now the thing for you
Is to show the way to the brave.
Show by your work that death
Is kind to them that are good,
The angels come to welcome
Those who have faithfully stood.

TRYING TO PLUCK THE FLOWERS.

You say as you walk through this world below,
You will pluck all the flowers that in your path grow;
But I will tell you now that all the flowers that grow
Are just out of reach of the mortals below.

If you see them in front or growing beside,
Do not reach for them, oh, let them abide,
That others may along this same road,
Find something that is bright and not a dead sod.

The flowers that you see as you pass life's road,
Are growing there only for the garden of God.
They are just planted there near life's rough road
That the weary may see and trust in the Lord.

You cannot pluck the flowers that grow on life's way,
Unless far out from duty you stray.
When out in His vineyard God doth you send,
Does he command you the flowers to rend?

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A soldier lay dying one dark night;
I sat by the bedside to see the last fight;
He had won many honors during his life;
Now will he be disgraced in the last strife?

He had fought many battles and gained them all;
Now he had faltered, he, too, must fall;
We waited and watched for to see
If any returning reason there would be.

They say the darkest hour is just before day,
Thus the great soldier quietly lay;
We watched through the long night
To see the end of the last fight.

Just as the morn so sweetly did break,
The soldier rose up with a mighty shriek,
Oh! bring me my sword and spear, too,
For an enemy I am sure I now view.

We placed his sword and spear beside,
He fiercely grasped them, then he cried :
Oh, I thought it was an enemy,
But, oh, look yonder, don't you see?

Oh, it is death, I am sure it is he,
For he is coming this way for me;
I have so many foes to fight,
I am willing with him to go to-night.

I had rather be by death slain
Than live bound with an enemy's chain;
So take my sword and spear away,
And keep them for another day.

NO IMPROVEMENT IN LOVE.

You are in love, what is it you say?
It is only a dream, it will soon pass away;
It is only a crag on which you may stand,
And if you are not careful you will lose your command,
And then you would be more happy by far,
If you had not climbed the rickety stair.

Many who have fallen from their height
Will try again if spared but their life.

You need not put forth a warning to show
The way one should travel and where they should go,
For they will keep climbing up the same way
As long as time lasts and on earth they do stay.

There is always a place and a time to stop,
But in love every one seeketh the top ;
And if they should struggle and sail
All their life through they tell the same tale.
In many things there is victory to gain,
But it is not so in love—you only remain.

There are battles to fight and victories to win,
When fighting 'mid life's pleasures or fighting with sin.
There is always advancement in every career—
A place that is higher, competition to fear ;
A starting-place to make and experience to gain ;
And there is a worth while in the field to remain.

"Tis not so with love when he comes to our view,
He is as bright as the morning's fresh dew.
You cannot improve him, for many have tried,
And when they failed they deeply sighed.
If love in the end has not waned,
You have won, the victory is gained.

JESUS IS CALLING.

Jesus is calling now for you;
Go work in His field to-day.
He offers you a starry crown—
He offers you much pay.
And why do you stand idly here;
Oh, why do you delay?
He passeth near and calleth loud—
He calleth you to-day.

If He had plenty of workers now
He would not on you call,
But so many are alike—
He gives the chance to all.
He is passing near you now;
Oh, don't you hear His call?
Why don't you now obey?
Why not in line now fall?

The work would be much easier far,
You think if you had your pay;
But you would spend it idly round,
As you do your time to-day.
Precious time is passing,
It's passing fast away;
While Jesus now is calling,
Why don't you Him obey?

GATHER THE WITHERED FLOWERS.

Gather the flowers that the world has cast
Aside as worthless when their beauty is past;
Nourish and cherish and bring them again
Back to a life that will always remain.

Gather them up, those who are soiled,
Those whose life and pleasure are spoiled;
Bring them back that the fragrance they shed
May not be wasted, may not be dead.

Many bright flowers have been worn for a night
And then cast aside when the sun shone bright;
Visit the ball-room and see the display
Of the flowers that are worn and then cast away.

If you have pity for the flowers that grow—
Those who were plucked, your pity now show;
Bring them back to life, though their beauty is fled,
Still in the world their fragrance may be shed.

If you should pluck the flowers that grow,
Do not throw them aside, do not let them go;
But keep them near you, their fragrance will give
You strength and courage more better to live.

You may not be blamed for the flowers that are cast
Aside by others when their beauty is past;

Why should you trample on those who are down?
Why should you give them only a frown?

Why not bury those who are dead,
Those whose beauty and fragrance are fled?
Why should you flaunt before the world's gaze
Things that are not worthy of praise?

If you cannot speak good of one another
Why should you mention their name to a brother?
Why should you not their memory lay
Away in the graveyard and there let it stay?

IF YOU ARE A STRANGER.

If you are a stranger in a strange land
Remember that Jesus is ever at hand
To keep and guide you and with you to be,
Whether on land or drifting at sea.

All he requires is that you should call
Before you are out of reach or you fall.
Listen to Jesus, he points out the way—
He offers you help, oh, now Him obey.

He never has failed those who have tried.
He is always near; He will provide.

The sea may be rough and your bark may be small
But he is sufficient, Jesus is all.

If you think your boat weak and fear the loss
Resign it to Jesus, and the ocean is crossed;
For He carries all safely to the other side,
Who in Him trust, and in Him confide.

SPRING HAS PASSED.

The spring has passed, the summer is here;
The flowers have cast and the harvest is near;
The reapers have come to cut and to bind
The sheaves into bundles they are entwined.
They gather them in while the weather is fine;
They press them together and closely entwine,
And carry them off to be stored away
To the barn to await the threshing day.

They watch to know when the grain is ripe;
They watch for the color and wait till it is white;
They apply the cycle for they know it will waste
If it is left in the field by the wind to be chased.
They gather the seed first, that which is pure;
They save the seed that is first to mature;
The seed that is sown should be of the best—
This is why harvest is not a mere jest.

And why should we complain at God's plan,
Though some He doth take and some He lets stand.
He knoweth as well as the reapers do—
When the grain is ripe He knoweth from the view.
And why can't He take His own to His shed,
And store it away, why not instead.
He saves His grain, it is safe from the snare—
From Satan and death which reigns everywhere.

I CAN'T PRAISE WINTER.

You ask me to write about winter to-day,
But how can I praise him when I know he will slay
The green foliage that now covers the trees
And leave them bare to shiver and freeze?

And he, too, will take the songsters away,
That chirp so lively all through the day.
You say he can cover all things around
With a beautiful mantle that summer has not found.

Oh, yes, I know him; I have seen him before;
His acquaintance I have made, so I shut too the door
When I see him approaching that I feel not his clasp,
Lest, too, I should wither when once in his grasp.

I know, too, his mantle you speak of is snow,
But it driveth away—the summer must go.
I know that the winter beauty doth give,
But I love the flowers that in summer doth live.

The birds have discovered the place where to go,
So now in the winter they leave the white snow;
They go to the land where the flowers stay
Because they love things bright, warm and gay.

I, too, would follow them in their flight
If I had the wings that would carry me right;
I would away from this cold land go
Where it is wrapped in its mantle of snow.

For what is the worth when all is so cold
To stay away from the flowers, and gold;
I cannot praise the winter while the summer is near,
Lest the flowers that grow on the road should hear.

I may say something in favor of winter one day,
But not just now in the sweet month of May.
I am too happy when the soft breezes play
To have anything in mind about winter to say.

LOVE THE TREES.

If I knew the language the trees do tell
Out in the woods where the birds love to dwell;
If I but knew their whisperings low
As the breezes wave them to and fro.

I would build my home and have them around;
I love to hear their murmuring sound.
Their voices together would sing me to rest,
And there I would dream of the home of the blest.

I am not surprised that the birds do show
Their preference for the place where the trees grow,
For I myself like their voice to hear
As they murmur so sweetly when no one is near.

I cannot feel lonely when around me they dwell,
For they whisper their secrets, they do me tell
Of the spirit that is present with them here—
A life that is joyous, a life that is dear.

Why should we not those monarchs love,
For they shelter our homes from the hot sun above.
They give us sweet health when they are near,
They spread forth their branches as if us to cheer.

They seem to love the dwelling of men,
For they spread their boughs much wider when

They are planted near to make a shade—
They show their strength is all outlaid.

It must be sad in the woods to be
When a woodman fells a monarch tree,
To hear the weeping all around
For the one who lies prone on the ground.

If the earth is made over again
I think the trees will in it remain,
They may be there as at the first
Before man's sin the world had cursed.

THINGS THAT ARE NEW.

Tell me something that is new,
Something the world has not brought to view.
Oh, there are inventions every day,
Explorers have many things to say.
The astronomers view the skies,
And tell you when the stars do rise.
All things told on earth doth grow,
Older and older as time doth show.

But there is one thing, said the sage,
As he turned another page.

It is love, you need not start,
For it affects the strongest heart.
It ages the youth, oh, yes, to-day;
And it youthens one who is gray.
It is something new for every one—
Its story cannot be outspun.

This story cannot by one be learned,
For many have tried it and been spurned.
This story is to one revealed,
Though for a while it is concealed.
It changes all things near,
The sky itself looks more clear.
You who have never felt the glow
Cannot the fruit of it now show.

You think the story now is old,
For it has been o'er and o'er told.
Oh, yes, I see what you have lost,
For you have not to the shore crossed.
You know not of the things that are new—
Just wait until this light you view,
Then you will know your love is best,
You will be just like all the rest.

Love has a charm for each to wear,
You need not look at me and stare;
This charm is not like others worn,
Oh, no, this has to the world been shown.

The best of it is quite concealed,
'Tis only 'mid hardships it is revealed.
The world can't on this jewel gaze,
Though oft it offers it its praise.

Love has been told to the right and poor,
Oh, yes, but it is new every time from the store.
The one who heard it last
Knows it never was in such light cast.
It was told by the two who came
To people the earth just the same,
And the reason it is always new
It is kept in the heart away from view.

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love, you ask me to-day.
What is love, oh, tell me, I pray?
Is he an angel, as some seem to think,
Or is he a nymph from the light to shrink?

You need not ask me about love alone,
For the world hath seen him, they, too, have
known.

You can ask the rich, you can ask the poor;
You can ask the beggar who stands at the door.

Love has traveled all the earth around,
There is not a spot in the world yet found
Where he has not his footsteps shown;
He visits the hovel and the throne.

You need not think by flying high
You will escape his piercing eye,
For many have tried a height to gain,
But they in his coils fast remain.

The poor man has but little here
Of which to build a palace dear;
But love does not in haste pass by;
He smiles on him with a friendly eye.

The king upon his throne does find
Discontentment in his mind
When love has passed him on one side
And made his love another's bride.

The rich man with his golden store,
Who counts his money more and more;
He finds his money a worthless pile,
When it is compared with a lover's smile.

The astronomers who have searched the skies
But come tumbling down for two bright eyes.
The wise man lay aside his books
To learn a lesson in ladies' looks.

The soldier who hath stood before
The cannon's mouth, yes, o'er and o'er;
They find they have no power to stand,
Against a smile and a slim white hand.

You need not race over land and sea
To escape from love, for you will be
Captured by him, then you will own,
That he is ruler of this earthly throne.

A FLOWER CLOSED.

A flower that has bloomed and closed from our view
Will not open again, though heaven's kind dew
Is shed on it often when evening doth fall;
So it is with you now—so it is with us all.

So it is when love its best part doth give,
It is only once in the same heart doth live;
Or at least it will never seem quite the same;
All love in the future will be quite tame.

Strive as you may when a flower is dead,
When the bright petals have all been shed,
You can nourish and cherish the bush where it grew,
And perhaps in the future the seed you will view.

So if you have loved in your youth, do not fear,
Some time in the future the seed will appear;
When the flower has shed all the petals around,
Nourish the tree, for the seed in it found.

If love is from you forever past,
Do not away the sweet memory cast;
Plant it deep down, in the heart let it grow,
That a pure life here on earth may show.

THE WEAVER.

The weaver sits at the loom, you say;
He weaveth all night, he weaveth all day.
He takes the threads that you have spun,
He weaveth them in, yes, every one.

The weavers of your thread doth take
And weave them in a robe to make,
That you before the Judge may stand,
Clothed in the work of your own hand.

The weaver weaves all the threads in,
Those of love and those of sin;
He taketh them from your own mind,
And weaveth them in of every kind.

You cannot, when the work is done,
Change the threads that you have spun;
If the weaver hath them cast,
Through the heart the work is passed.

The loom around and around doth wind
The cloth which is the conscience entwined.
Will the right side then appear
The conscience which should be most clear?

The Judge will know the full intent
Of every purpose and how it's spent.
He will know when the threads are cast,
If they are round the heart then passed.

You cannot murmur or complain
At the robe that is given if it has stain,
For you each day a thread have spun,
And conscience wove them every one.

You will be judged by the robe you wear
When you reach the top, the head of the stair.
You should each day a love cord spin,
That is so large it will hide all sin.

The thread of love should be woven in,
And this day now your work begin,
To spin the threads of gold around
Each weak place that is not sound.

MOSES.

Could I but climb the mountain,
Where Moses stood of old,
And view the land of promise,
A land of pure gold.

I think I would be willing,
As he seemed to be,
To sail out over the ocean
Of vast eternity.

We do not read that he
Complained about God's plan ;
He held on to the promise,
And he followed like a man.
He had traveled through the wilderness,
And done what he could
To raise Israel up
And show him the way to God.

Israel had been so determined
To follow in their way,
Of other nations around them
That Moses a little did stray.
And we find him now standing
On the mountain to see
The land beyond the river,
The land of the happy and free.

Now do you think that Moses
Had only this land in view
As he toiled up the mountain,
Don't you suppose he saw, too?
Do you think he was close sighted,
That he could not see afar
Out beyond this world and sin,
For he knew God was everywhere?

Moses had lived a life of faith,
For oft it had been tried;
The Lord had proved him true,
And in him he could confide.
He told him about his work,
And laid before him his plan,
How he would send His Son,
And save poor fallen man.

So Moses worked for a purpose,
He kept it always in view;
This is why he was unselfish,
And was noble, too.
He did not work for a name,
As many do this day;
He only worked for God's glory,
And showed man the narrow way.

We read not of his portion,
When the spoil was brought in;

Nor did he hoard up a treasure,
Until it became a sin.
We read not of his garments
Being decked with jewels and gold;
Still he had a treasure,
The wealth can never be told.

He did not seek the honor
That cometh from man below,
For he had the honor
Of seeing the Lord, Who knows
How false and frail are mortals
Who on this earth abide,
Who seek their sin to cover
And their falsehood to hide.

Now when he sees his work is done,
He does not falter and complain,
But climbs right up the mountain
And there on the top remains
Until the Lord reaches down
And loosens the binding chain
That bound his soul and body
From the power of Satan and men.

THE ONE ASTRAY.

There was one that had gone astray,
Far out on the mountains cold;
The shepherd counted his o'er
And found it had left the fold.

He left the ninety and nine
Safely sheltered in the fold;
And followed out for the one astray,
Far out on the mountains cold.

He found him wandering far away,
So far away in the cold;
He placed him in his bosom there,
And carried him back to the fold.

He called to those who were looking out
From the shelter of the fold;
"Rejoice, I have found the wandered who
Has been away in the cold."

THE SOLDIERS' GRAVE.

Once I beheld the graves of the dead,
Where our brave soldiers their life blood had shed;
I viewed the tombs, the monuments grand,
That had been reared in honor of those who did stand
For freedom when duty gave forth a call,
For those who were willing in line to just fall;
They were more willing to die with the brave
Than to rule as a coward or live like a slave.

We thought of the men whose word of command
Steered the army at sea and swayed it on land;
Their presence a spirit of freedom did awake
In the hearts of the men whose homes were at stake;
They fought for their country and died it to save,
And why should we not remember the brave,
And plant flowers on their graves to show
That we have not forgotten them, oh, no.

We know they are sleeping, but oh, tell me where
Are they in the cold grave or up in the air?
Do they rest in peace or are they troubled still;
Is there in the future a duty to fill?
They gained the victory on earth; do they know
That their memory is cherished and loved by us so
That we now do follow in their footsteps they made
That leads us to freedom from slavery's dark shade.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

If you wish in my heart good thoughts to awake
Take me to the country that man cannot make;
Let me breathe the pure air that crime has not stained;
That sin in his clutches has not yet chained.

Let me live in the country where the conscience is free,
Where the breath of heaven is for you and for me;
Where it is not stained by man's greed to gain;
Where the blessings of heaven are showered like rain.

Let me dwell in the country where health can be found;
Where the birds sing and chirp all the day round;
Where the night wind whispers its breezes so low,
And the trees gently waive to and fro.

Oh, yes, to the country now let me go,
For it is the soil in which all things grow.
The cities without it would starve, yes, and die,
For they have nothing on which to rely.

THERE WILL BE JOY IN HEAVEN.

There will be joy in heaven,
There will be joy to-day
Over the wanderer coming
In from sin's highway.
Bring the sinner to Jesus,
Bring them in to-day
That they may be washed in his blood—
Let their sins be washed away.

Tell them about the Savior,
Tell them he died to save
Just such as they be,
His precious blood he gave.
Jesus himself is asking
The sinner now to come
And accept the title he offers
To those who have no home.

If you are weary of sin,
If you are tired, come,
For Jesus stands awaiting—
He offers you a home.
There is no other place,
No other way to come;
Jesus stands in the door
And calls you to come home.

TIME'S MIGHTY HAND.

Time's mighty hand hangs over us all,
Could we from the past some moments recall,
And place them where they should have been spent,
That time's rough face might somewhat relent,
And he would feel kindly towards us and show
His kindness towards us and let us light go.

When we are judged by time's mighty hand,
We only creep forward, we cannt stand ;
He lays his hand on us, we under him reel,
There are but few his power do not feel ;
He takes from the head the hair, dark and gold,
And there in its stead with silver enfold.

In his own pleasure his hand doth fall
On the rich and poor, he spares none at all ;
Many have tried his marks to erase
From beauty's fair brow his footsteps to chase ;
They have studied and planned his works to undo,
But still his work doth stand for our view.

Time goes round and round in the race ;
It has never gone backward but in one place,
And that was once God wished to show
That He had power to make time go.
The good had a victory on earth to win,
And time was in favor of blotting out sin.

If we wish time to favor or to be kind,
We should show towards him a feeling of mind,
That we wish him his steps to stay,
And plant for him shade trees on the highway.
Time is looking at me and at you,
And our course he always keeps in his view.

You cannot deceive him, for many have tried
By their inventions him to outride.
All blame is laid on time to-day
For the failures of men who like to delay.
It is easy now a duty to shirk
When one has no time to give to good work.

Time is the owner of the whole earth,
And those who are living time gave them birth.
Why should they squander their wages each day,
Which time has given them for to pay
For a home in heaven, a place for the blest?
For time himself can lie down and rest.

THE ROSEBUD THAT NEVER BLOOMED.

There was a rosebud we all felt sure
That would receive the honor, the first to mature.
So we watched it each day lest the color would fade,
And all the bright petals on the ground be laid.

The sun seemed to smile down with delight,
As the little rosebud waved forth so bright.
The sun looked back as it sank in the west,
And whispered, "Goodnight, sweet be thy rest."

The rosebud thus left murmured a sigh,
As the wind piercing cold just passed by.
It drew near the leaves that grew all around.
Tho' it tried very hard, no shelter was found.

The chilly breeze passed, and there was another,
More piercing cold than the other,
Until the bright gleam in the eastern sky,
That told to the world that daylight was nigh.

The sun rose up with such haste
That the little rosebud hid its face.
The sun smiled forth its delight,
Anxious to see that all was right.

But the little rosebud's drooping head
Spoke of the grief as tears it shed
When the warm sun was gone from its sight,
King Frost came forth into the night.

And with his cold hand he tightly clasped
The little rosebud in his grasp;
And when the sun his hand released,
The rose's life had all quite ceased.

Grieve not for the roses that bloom,
For it sheds forth a rich perfume;
It has done much this life to cheer,
So for its fate you need not fear.

But if you have some grief to show,
Place it on those who are fallen low;
For the rosebud which has never shed
A rich perfume on its dying bed.

THE OLD MAID.

We view the old maid as a flower
Plucked by some rough hand,
Then cast aside to wither,
While others around her stand,
Which used to enjoy her beauty
And fragrance she once shed,
But now as her youth is passed
They count her as one dead.

But you say the world offers her pity,
They call her crabbed and cold;
She does not thank them now,
But thinks they are very bold.

When they question her about her life,
And ask her why she did not take
The man who offered her his love,
Why did she not a home make?

The world does not understand
The old maid who works every day
For her aged father and mother,
And there from society stay.
They do not know she is fed from above
By the angels who bring her bread,
That is given as duty's return,
Each day a feast to spread.

Oh, yes! she once had brothers,
And there were sisters, too;
But they are all now married,
And passed out of her view.
They have now most forgotten
That at home one did stay
To tend the aged and feeble,
Without one thought of pay.

If she is poor and needy,
And works for her daily bread,
There will be no one at her grave,
A tear of grief to shed.
The world has now forgotten
Her bright and happy youth,

They know not of her labors,
Nor what she spent in truth.

But if she has money,
A plenty for to spend,
She is ever sure to find
A brother or a friend,
That is more than willing
To sacrifice all truth,
And claim her as a darling,
A treasure, yes, forsooth.

Many an old maid now
At the homestead there be,
Unmolested in life,
But at death you will see
The heirs all appear then,
As vultures who soar on high,
To devour the carcass fallen,
That on the earth now lie.

Perhaps the heirs are unlike,
The vulture, yes, you say;
But are more like the tiger
Who in wait doth lay,
Who springs upon their victim
Before they are dead,
They care not for the grief,
Nor the tears that are shed.

If they had the power,
The home they will take;
And of the old maid,
A beggar they will make,
Or else they will take her,
And she is surely sent
To the home for the aged and feeble,
Where her last days are spent.



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